Vol. CXLVI. No. 1893

October 6, 1937



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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER CHILDREN

The above group of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and H.R.H. Prince Edward and H.R.H. Princess Alexandra is of particular interest because Prince Edward celebrates his second birthday on Saturday next, October 9. The little Prince was given the names of Edward, George, Nicholas, Paul, Patrick at his baptism in 1935. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent returned a short time ago from a most interesting summer tour on the Continent which included a visit to Count Alfred Potocki's 14th-century castle at Lancut in Poland, as well as many other places in that very interesting land. T.R.H. later toured Germany and Czecho-Slovakia



LORD AND LADY CROMER AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL
The Lord Chamberlain and his wife, who were recently features of

a family group at Minto House, went up to Scotland from Switzerland where they spent some weeks, mainly at Suvretta House, St. Moritz. Lord Cromer transferred from the Diplomatic Ser-

they spent some weeks, mainly at Suvretta House, St. Moritz. Lord Cromer transferred from the Diplomatic Service to the Foreign Office in 1906, joined the Grenadier Guards at the outbreak of the Great War, and was subsequently A.D.C. to two Viceroys of India. He has held his present high office for fifteen years

ITH only Kelso to come, the Scottish spate of shootin', fishin', and racin', of gay tartans and sweet intrigues, is done and the aborigine left to enjoy the best months of the year—"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!" or, in terse Lowland speech, "the Back End." The very successful Circuit closed at Hamilton Park, which has a model stand you can see out of, and an uphill finish which usually finishes whatever I happen to select. A beautiful Scotswoman, Mrs. Beck, went to Hamilton with the Roseberys from Dalmeny before visiting the Haddingtons at Mellerstain, and Buccleuchs at Drumlanrig-her annual round. Clare's beauty recalls Raeburn's Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff, perhaps the most lovable picture in that severe Adam building at the bottom of the Mound where the Raeburn Room is only a step from the plate glass windows of the New Club and the polite clamour of Princes Street, and where the Goya deserves a room to itself. Raeburn

And the World said-

painted few pretty women, there being few pretty women to paint in his country of thrift and thistles, but now, as then, when a lassie is bonny she is also unique—

"For Nature made her what she is, And ne'er anither," sang Burns of Bonnie Lesley, who, like her modern descen-" gaed dants. o'er the Border . . . To spread her conquest farther." Half-Scots, half-Irish is the Hope-Johnstone débutante, tremendously admired this autumn, but at the Lanark Bell the winning belle was Ursula Kenyon - Slaney, who has mobile expression and



Bassano

TELEVISION'S COMMERE

Miss Sheila Douglas-Pennant, who made a success of her first appearance as Television's first commère at Harry Pringle's evening cabaret show last week. Though only nineteen years old, Miss Douglas-Pennant has had a certain amount of West-End stage experience. She is a kinswoman of Lord Penrhyn

LADY HADDINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER

At the British Legion (Scotland) Women's Section Conference, held at Galashiels. To mark their appreciation of her mother's constant interest in the Legion's welfare, women members presented little Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton not only with a doll, but with that special joy of every child—a wrist watch

the distinction which lasts. She was with another pretty girl, Ann Capel, and, indeed, this little meeting on the open hills, where the turf is sprung like a mattress, drew an exceptionally well-favoured crowd, including the future Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, who presented the Bell. There is much ado about it being the oldest racing trophy in Scotland, some maintaining there was racing at Lanark, also at Bogside, about the time Lady Macbeth was washing her hands. I listened apprehensively to an argument be-tween an English "professional backer" who upheld the antiquity of Doncaster, and a Glaswegian sportsman, aged seventy-two (declared), whose national pride made him draw a very long bow for Lanark. While we sat in the train, which does not leave until one hour after the last race (allowing for those who have celebrated to walk sideways from the course), this voluble veteran described how Lanark's "new" station was opened in 1912 for one of the first aviation displays held in Scotland. Captain Cody won a prize by flying several hundred yards. Twenty-five years later Scottish Airways landed a plane-full plum opposite the ring. Glasgow has been agog over the Courtneidge-Howes musical play now at the Hippodrome. The postponement of its provincial première, owing to Bobby's influenza, caused

change of plan for Mr. Henry Horne, who retained his sixty stalls for the second first night and encouraged his guests to paint Sauchiehall Street pink in the interim. Sheila Young, the young thing with the wonderful ankles, will make Mayfairites exclaim, "My dear, she's Clare Dunkerley and Vera Emanuel!" This new "tui" is extraordinarily like the pocket Venus sisters who adorn Le Touquet (where the George Philipsons dared to spend the last week-end out of season) and the right niteries, as America calls nocturnal chatter-boîtes.

A merica is inaugurating its Hunt Meet season. Every Saturday sees a gathering of steeplechase enthusiasts all along the circuit, which ends up in spring in Camden, South Carolina. Sportives were torn between the opening of the National Polo Championship at Meadowbrook and the races at Fair Hill, Maryland, on the estate of William DuPont, Master of the Foxcatcher Hounds. When Mr. DuPont does anything he does it thoroughly, and he spent four years merely getting the turf in condition on his track before building a fence. There are two brush courses at Fair Hill, one supposedly a replica of the Grand National. It

takes a bit of doing, but though the fences are quite as high they are definitely not so solid, and the drops are nothing like Aintree. The next big gymkhana was in "Longuyland," at the Ambrose Clarks. "Brose" and Florence gave their annual luncheon-by no means a snack—to their numerous friends, though they had nearly decided not to as so many people they had never laid eyes on crashed the party last year. It was here our agent heard that Mrs. Robert McKim, who is "Brose's" niece and "Pete" Bostwick's sister, is shortly announcing her engagement to Ogden Phipps, a nephew of Lady Granard. The Roxburghes' Newport visit caused Goelets and Vanderbilts to get out their gold plate, the Robert Goelet homestead, "Ochre Court," being the



Swaebe MR. AND MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT DINE OUT

A snapshot of one of America's most celebrated citizens and his equally popular wife at the Café de Paris last week. A kinsman of the owner of the flying Ranger, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is also a big figure in the yachting world of America

a long lease from Major Guy Paget and are now back in what Fleet Street calls the Shires. Very popular with the Fernie and the Pytchley, Eleanor Pearson is always beautifully mounted and goes well. She and "Fred-die" took son and daughter on an aeroplane tour of the big open spaces of the Far West as a change from sophisticated Newport. Many Americans, con-

sidered good judges, think "Pat" Roark second only to to be the very finest

"Tommy" Hitchcock. His recent polo has been super.
"Pat" himself believes "Tommy" to be the very finest player he has ever seen, and that there is still nobody to touch him. At lawn tennis star succeeds star more rapidly than at polo, though the old hands hang on to their racquets and to the outside courts at Wimbledon like grim death. Forest Hills tournament, a foregone conclusion where major issues were concerned, nevertheless showed up some new hardhitters. The world will hear more of Mr. Robert Riggs. Aged nineteen, this Los Angeles lad will budge Budge (forgive) in time, and "Joe" Hunt, Junior Champion from California, looked another centre-courter. In the débutante sports Miss 'Mimi'' Baker, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Emerson, who was once Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, is the winter's glamour girl, but already the experts are forecasting that Diana Barrymore, John's schoolgirl daughter, who wants to train for the stage, will be the next de-lovely. Listed in the Social Register (New York's Burke and telephone book, Badminton size) as Diana Blythe, she prefers her father's famous pseudonym. Few actors "make" the Register, even if they began by being socialites. Yes, the ways of democracy are more than somewhat complicated on both sides of the Atlantic, which ocean is shrinking to a pool, what with Mr. Ralph Beaver Strass-burger crossing and recrossing so silently, while his "Firozepore" was fancied at Newmarket.

At the other N—Newbury, it actually failed to rain, giving the large attendance a topic. Leaving horses to "Guardrail," I potted the clothes—Lord Sefton wearing brown and



LADY STEWART-CLARK AND HER CHILDREN

Before her marriage in 1927 to Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, the lady seen in the above excellent picture also bore the name of Clarke, for she was Miss Pamela Clarke, one of the daughters of Major and Mrs. Arundell Clarke. Another daughter is Lady Page Wood. The two children seen above are John, born in 1929, and Sara, born in 1932



SIR GEOFFRY AND LADY NORTHCOTE LEAVE FOR HONG KONG

A picture taken just before the newly-appointed Governor and his wife left by flying boat from Southampton for the scene of His Excellency's new charge, which can hardly be said to be as peaceful a location as his last charge, Commanderin-Chief British Guiana

scene of a very impressive gathering in honour of the quiet young couple. I wonder if his American relations have discovered how a m u s i n g "Bobo" can be when the atmosphere is congenial? In honour of her déb. niece, Daphne Pearson, Mrs. Beverley Bogert rolled up the carpets at her Newport house. Daphne is the daughter of the Frederick Pearsons who have Sulby on

And the World said - continued

all his dimples, a return of those terrible Tyrolean hats, Diana Gilbey in enormous stripes saying she had revolved at the Florida until it was time to catch the Members' train, Joyce Kingscote of Kingscote in a Paisley dress and hat to match under a plain coat, Rachel Willoughby de Broke in lovely emerald tweeds with accessories, as the fashion writers say, of the new raw tan shade, lots of raw tan shows and bags of which the most enviable belongs to Mrs. Marcus Marsh, a slit in the centre back of the Duchess of Westminster's jacket, a red jacket on Lady Long of the serious expression, fur-trimmed

suits on radiant Mrs. Glorney and ever-chic Princesse "Brenda" de Chimay, the perfect sports coat made of white kid stamped with jungle markings adorning Mrs. Francis Curzon, who, with her husband and nice débutante Maureen Dunville, stayed with Lady Jean Petherick, and, wearing the same grey flannels and junior hat as her little girl, Lady Sybil Phipps, the beauty of the Duke of Buccleuch's sisters. Also with schoolgirl daughters were Mrs. George Philippi, who hopes the pheasants at Crawley Court will fly high, and Mrs. Victor Cartwright, from Warwickshire, in a coat as woolly as an English sheep-dog. Seen racing - indispensable Mrs. Frank Weld-Forester, whose attractive little daughter, Joan Henry, went to Hamilton that day with the Megginch party, ditto Mrs. "Laurie" Dunne, who went on to Newmarket, ditto Lady "Connie" Cripps and decorative Rose Horlick, with dark brown suède collars on French blue tweeds. Also Lady Hervey-Bathurst, Lady Lyons, who has gone mah-jong mad at this late date, Major "Harry" Denison-Pender, Lady Carden and those amusing marrieds, "Tony" and Margot Lyon-Clark. She and her twin sister belong to a sporting Boston clan and were big stars on Broadway in their teens-the Keene twins—cute-looking, tremendously intelligent and the first socialite sister act. Now Margot, settled near Andover, refuses to come to London except for riding boots, and intends to race her venerable "Mute Swan," winner of nine races in his day, in point-to-points. She and husband, who has bought three yearlings in Ireland with which to win the Derby, are going to hunt with the V.W.H. Another sportswoman who gallops on the Wiltshire Downs is Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, tickets for whose polo ball at Ferne on the 15th are selling briskly. It should be the best out-of-London party next week.

In London there is considerable anxiety about the weakness of Wall Street, the war in China, the Dictators' duet and the doubtful popularity of charity balls, but the Ritz is full for lunch, so we can say, with Epictetus, "Remember always that nothing is of the slightest moment." With a discovery from

Hastings' concert party, Cyril Fletcher, entertaining, it is also full for supper. Lady Kimberley, Lady Cambridge, back from Bognor Regis, Lady "Mo" Forbes, Prince and Princess Dmitri of Russia, Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald, who smiles like her niece, Janet Montagu, the one and only "Ali" Mackintosh, Aly Khan, radiant as befits the father of two sons, "Betty" Mills, some Fairbanks', the "Flash" Kelletts, together with Sir Vıctor and Lady Warrender, were eating the former meal. The Warrenders, who had a healthy summer in Caithness with their three boys, went on to Ireland, and are now moving into

what will be one of the nicest houses in Charles Street when "Dollie" has finished with it. No doubt the boys would like her to decorate the hall with antlers, for since getting their first stags they brought one back every day of the holidays. Apart from putting those feminine finishing touches to the house their mother is getting up a pay-party without an organiser for the Eton Beagles—a thumping cause. This will happen on December 17 at the Savoy—the day Eton breaks up, so the spirit of the evening should undoubtedly be youthful and Noël.

There was youth and beauty in Scone Park for Perth Hunt Steeplechases. There is no Perth Hunt. This is the only

meeting at which it is done to wear the kilt. Antique lairds, "cromack" in one hand, tote ticket in the other, turn their backs, heavily laden with plaids, to the horses and head for Lord Mansfield's refreshment room, where drinks are free.

Lord and Lady Mansfield, charming, hard-working, nice-looking and happy people, are planning to live at Scone Palace again. It needs a lot done to it—electric light, heating, and so on.

The show pieces are a bed in which James VI and I slept, and hangings worked by Mary Queen of Scots during her imprisonment at Loch Leven. Lord Mansfield, something of an antiquary and an authority on heraldry, is a practical farmer and a painstaking regular in the Upper House. He married the younger daughter of a distinguished diplomat, the late Rt. Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie, in 1928, and they have a seven-year-old son and a daughter who will be two in January.

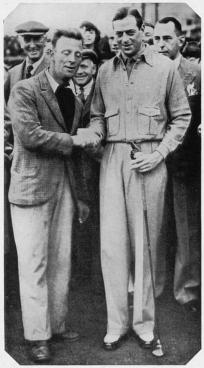
Also at the Scottish Goodwood, in the sylvan "policies" of Scone, were Lord and Lady Lindsay, with party from Kilconquhar in the Kingdom of Fife, lots of victorious MacAlpines from Gleneagles Hotel, where millionaire Harry Oakes was also based, the Forteviots, the MacGregors of Cardney, and Mr. Stanley Bond, who transported his guests from Braemar in a caravan of cars over the Devil's Elbow.

What it is to be a rich man who likes giving others a good time! The Highlandry once again enjoyed dancing on what is either the best floor in Scotland or the best way of getting seasick, according to your alkalinity. Unlike the Florida, which goes round and round, Perth goes up and down—a fair imitation of the Atlantic in a storm.

The Fair Maid's City, which reminded the Prince Consort of Basle, was packed and visitors to the old Railway Hotel were mighty interested in the breakfast set Queen Victoria and her Albert used on their various journeys to Balmoral.

In Scotland a young man's début at the gatherings is watched with as much interest by the dais as his sister's, and when fifteen-year-old Colin, son of the King's Commissioner at Balmoral, Colonel Alexan-

der Mackenzie of Farr, stepped his first public sixteensome at the Lochaber Ball there was much favourable comment. His sister Betty, "Riona" Maclean of Ardgour, "Fanny" Fraser, attractive niece of Lord Verulam, and Marion Cameron of Lochiel—whose sister is Mrs. Stewart of Ardvorlich—were some of the nice girls enjoying this old-fashioned dance at Fort William, old-fashioned in the sense that everyone not only knows everyone else, but knows when, where, with whom the ancestors of those present danced in the auld lang syne.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT PLAYS HIMSELF IN AS CAPTAIN AT ST. ANDREWS

H.R.H. is seen with the caddie who retrieved his ball after the driving-off ceremony as Captain of the Royal and Ancient. Behind is Sir John Simon, the retiring Captain. At the finish of the subsequent match Sir John Simon is reported as having quoted:—

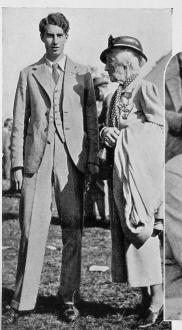
"Hush-a-bye baby, baby of mine; Father's gone round in one hundred and nine."

This verse comes from the Golf Widow's Lullaby by Colonel Adrian Porter, a former King's Messenger, and appears in his collection of verses published by Collins under the title of *The Perfect Pest*. The full verse is as follows:—

Hush-a-bye baby, hush you to sleep, Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep; If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—I Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.

Hush-a-bye baby, safe in your pram, Daddy's come back—did you hear the door slam? Snuggle down closer, baby of mine, Daddy went round in a hundred and nine! No. 1893, October 6, 1937]

AT FROME SHOW



LORD OXFORD AND LADY HORNER CAME FROM THE MANOR HOUSE, MELLS



MAJOR AND MRS. GEOFF PHIPPS-HORNBY (WINNERS AS IS OBVIOUS)



THREE GENERATIONS: LORD BATH, LORD WEYMOUTH, AND THE HON. ALEXANDER THYNNE



MISS DIANA AND MISS CLARE PHIPPS



MRS. TROTTER AND HER CHILDREN—ALL THREE COMPETITORS



THE HON. WILLIAM AND MRS. BATHURST

They hit a patch of this first-class autumn sunshine for the Frome Show last week, and so it is no wonder that all the people on this page were caught looking their best, especially the winners, of course. Amongst them was that eloquent (and witty) orator upon polo, Major Geoff Phipps-Hornby, who collected a first in the Hunter Class. Lady Horner, seen with Lord Oxford, who succeeded as the grandson of the famous statesman, is the widow of Sir John Horner, K.C.V.O., who died about ten years ago. The photographer was a bit lucky to shoot three generations when he caught the Marquess of Bath, his son and his elder grandson, Alexander Thynne, all in the same spot. Lord Weymouth married the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Diana and Clare Phipps are nieces of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and also of the Duke of Buccleuch, M.F.H. Lady Sybil Scott married Mr. C. B. H. Phipps, who is in the Life Guards (Res.). All three of Mrs. Trotter's offspring — William, Pat and John—were amongst the jockeys, and the Hon. William Bathurst, seen looking on intently, aided by his wife, is the second son of the famous M.F.H., Lord Bathurst

THE CINEMA

Content and Discontent By JAMES AGATE

HE cinema is a surprising place. Victoria the Great made me feel that if this was all the film could do with a great subject, why, then, the film, so far as I was concerned, was a spent force. I did not go near the cinema after that for a whole week. remembered a bon mot of Wilde: "When people say that they have exhausted life, it generally means that life has exhausted them." So I went back to the cinema and had an afternoon of utter enchantment! Whereby I said to myself: The cinema is a surprising place! By which I mean that the French are a surprising people. what, of course, this in turn means is that Sacha Guitry is a surprising Frenchman. His new film, Le Roman d'un Tricheur (The Story of a Cheat), at the Academy is the wittiest, delightfullest, unexpectedest hour and a half that I have ever passed in any cinema, including the Curzon! And how my friend, Casa Maury, came to miss this intensely Curzonesque film baffles me entirely. And what was the Berkeley doing, may I ask? It is perhaps poetic justice that the little Academy Cinema, which for years has been providing us with all that is most entrancing in Continental cinematic art, should have snooped this little gem of a film. The story begins with a little French

boy stealing a few sous, whereby as a punishment he is not allowed to have any mushrooms for supper. Next to the Chinese, the French are the greatest ancestorworshippers in the world. What is more, they insist upon their ancestors being with them, so that when you dine at a French house you must first be introduced to a number of wraiths beginning with your host's wife's maternal greataunt. In the film the little boy's family runs to eleven personages. Whence we get an opening shot of the eleven coffins containing the eleven honest members of the family who have all died of mushroom-poisoning. The rest of the film following from this shows us the history of a gambler and a cheat, and it is impossible to describe in print its irony, drollery, and immensities of verve and point. It is like a Maupassant story filmed by René Clair. It is largely accompanied by a commentary spoken by Sacha, and how magnificently spoken! For an hour and a half we hear and are not wearied by that delightful voice. I really hardly see the use of giving the names of all the other players, none of whom, excepting Mlle. Jaqueline Delubac, is known to English readers. Sufficient to say that there is enough acting talent in this little French film to go round the entire English stage of light comedy.

But this was not the only picture at the Academy. There was also a charming life-history of the Tawny Owl and a coloured film called Trees. At the moment I find it difficult to keep calm about this colour business. There are, of course, people who are morbidly sensitive to colour. But a normal person, I suggest, coming upon a green pasture containing a red cow or a white horse says to himself something like this: "Horse and cow. In a field. Horse white. Cow red." Note that he doesn't bother to say or think what colour the pasture is, because subconsciously he knows that it can't be anything else except green. Now, modern impressionist art proceeds the other way. You look at a picture by Matisse and you see a mass of puce leaning against a mass of orange on a basis of salmon-pink. And that's all the painter wants you to see. But since he is to some extent bound by some vestiges of tradition as to what constitutes a picture to go into a frame, and since he believes that what may be called wisps to the painter are ropes to the possible purchaser, he says that his picture is a portrait of a lady in puce leaning up against an orange dressing-table in her pink-carpeted boudoir. Now, that is exactly what the film is doing. It presents you with a huge blob of green and smaller blobs of white and red, the colour being the first thing and the differentiation between pasture, horse, and cow quite secondary. But the cinema is not an artist setting



RONALD COLMAN AND MADELEINE CARROLL, THE LEADS IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

When the above picture was taken Rassendyl and Princess Flavia were making an off set study of our Coronation programme, with a view to helping their own perfornances in the film version of Anthony Hope's great story, which London may see on November 2 at the new Odeon, which is built on the site of the old Alhambra. It is a United Artists' production by Otto Selznik

about his perversions consciously and conscientiously. The artist, so to speak, runs away with his colours; the cinema seems to be letting colour run away with it! Colour in the cinema will only be tolerable when, in the cinema, the eye takes the same time that it does in Nature to perceive the colour of things. Take the tricolour, for example. In Nature it is flag first and blue, white, and red afterwards; in the cinema it is blue, white, and red afterwards; in the cinema it is blue, white, and red first and flag afterwards. Still, one must be patient. There was a time when one said that the voices of film-actors in the talkies sounded like sea-lions; they have become natural. Possibly it will be the same with colour.

At the Academy there was also an admirable documentary film, Forbidden Frontier, largely about Danzig, Poland, Lithuania, and all that part of Europe which English armchair politicians talk so glibly about and of which they know so little. It is an exposition of the state of folly to which mankind must reduce itself prior to extinction. Leaving the Academy, I went on to the Rialto, where I saw The World in Revolt, another documentary on the same international subject. But where Forbidden Frontier showed mankind in a state of passive imbecility, The World in Revolt showed it in a state of active and persistent dementia. This film is actually drawn from post-War happenings in Austria, Germany, Cuba, America, and Spain. It shows these nations torn by revolution, civil war, and riot. Against this is contrasted a picture of England during the same period, an England with its head bowed but unbloody, recovering from the economic slump with never a bone broken. I think this is a little artless and naïve, since the authors of the picture have found it convenient to forget all about Ireland, where exactly those things were going on which went on over the rest of Europe. Then there is another reason why England should be less inclined to lose its head during crises. is that the English as a nation are totally without temperament. A nation of bad actors must have some compensation. Whereas foreigners, who are all good actors, have to pay for being good actors, and the payment takes the form of uncontrollable outbursts of temperament in dangerous circumstances. The film at the Rialto was nearly ruined for me by the commentator, who shouted and bawled till it was impossible to hear what he was saying.

I have also seen the film called A Star is Born at the Tivoli. This is about a little old lady who pretends to be a newcomer to Hollywood. I could have wept to see that Janet Gaynor, my innocent sweetheart of many years ago, or so it seems, has now gone over to the modish crimson-clawed brigade.

No. 1893, October 6, 1937] THE TATLER

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF PERTH HUNT 'CHASES



IN-LAWS: CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE OGILVY AND LADY AIRLIE



MISS MARY DRUMMOND-HAY, V.A.D., AND MAJOR MACGREGOR-WHITTON



MR. NEIL RAMSAY, MR. DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL, AND LORD GRAHAM



SIR TORQUIL AND LADY MUNRO OF LINDERTIS



MR. DRUMMOND-HAY WITH LADY MASSEREENE



CAPTAIN MACRAE OF BALLIMORE AND MISS MACGREGOR OF CARDNEY

Dancing and steeplechasing are both important ingredients of the annual Perth Hunt festivities, which rounded off the Scottish season last week. The jump meeting, held in the "policies" of Lord Mansfield's venerable seat, Scone Palace, went particularly well this year, and the camera was obviously in the money, too. The Countess of Airlie, photographed with her brother-in-law, is the wife of the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, and Miss Mary Drummond-Hay—on V.A.D. duty at the meeting—is a sister of the Laird of Seggiedon, who married the Duke of Hamilton's younger daughter. Mr. Donald Cameron, Younger, of Lochiel, Lord and Lady Graham, son and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Montrose, and Mr. Neil Ramsay and his wife were among those staying with Lord and Lady Mansfield for the week's junketings. Lady Massereene and Ferrard was a fellow guest. Sir Torquil Munro, of Lindertis in Angus, is the fifth holder of a baronetcy dating from King George IV's reign. The MacGregors of Cardney brought a party some twelve strong to the Perth Hunt 'Chasses

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"





yearlings for him, or may even allow him to have one or two that he bought for himself at a purely nominal profit. He should be discouraged from choosing his own. Should he, after a long spell of bad horses, show signs of shirking his responsibilities and going out of the game, he must not be allowed to do so. It might panic the others. The line to adopt is, "My dear fellow, I couldn't be more sorry for the bad luck you've had. It doesn't matter about the others so much, but I'd give my right hand to see you have a turn of luck. I think you can, too. Now, I've got a filly I've refused £1,500 for, and you must have her. Don't tell the others, but to stop in the stable and do you a turn you can have her for £1,000 and pay when you like. I'll make up my loss by having a bet on her." The poor man can't refuse what practically amounts to a gift of a "monkey," and the trainer can't resist a profit of about the same amount, and there's always the



AT THE PERTH HUNT MEETING: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GLASGOW AND LT.-COL. W. E. PEEL (CENTRE)

Colonel Peel had two runners at this meeting, Girl Pat and La Sorcière, but neither of them connected. The meeting is held in the "policies" of Scone Castle, a phrase which in Scotland means the park

ing. While the opportunist with tact, flair and bonhomie will triumph, there are certain golden rules which must be observed if the trainer hopes for any peace and quiet in conjunction with a good living.

First, the patient should be made to understand clearly that from the fall of the hammer the horse is solely and entirely the trainer's property. Should he wish to see it at any time the matter can be arranged at certain hours, generally on the heath about dawn or when he wants to be changing for dinner. One trainer I used to know in his heyday insisted on owners only

coming on two days of the week, and by appointment at 24 hours' notice. By this means he was enabled to train nearly 150 horses without much trouble. One hundred of them he billeted out on small trainers in the vicinity, where he could call in the horse an hour or two before the owner arrived, and the difference in the training fees he paid and received made a steady unearned income.

Owners should be schooled and schooled again in the virtue of patience. First, they may really have got a good horse which it would be a sin to hurry. Secondly, they may have got a really bad horse which if they saw run they would sell or shoot, and that would leave an unnecessarily empty box. This may be accomplished by saying the horse "might be which is very non-committal, promising him a coup at the back end or saying that So-and-so who knows the breed says they are never any good till three years old. All entries must be left to the trainer, who will use sufficient tact to make a gesture and run the horse at the owner's home meeting if required. Anyway, the horse will probably start on this account at a short price when quite unfancied and his subsequent handicapping be thereby helped.

It should early be impressed on owners that the life of a trainer is one of extreme strain and responsibility shouldered most altruistically almost entirely in the interests of others.

AT HAMILTON PARK: SIR ALFRED MACALPINE AND MRS. W. CONNELL Sir Alfred MacAlpine is an uncle of Sir Robert MacAlpine; he was High Sheriff of Denbighshire in 1923. He had a winner at Hamilton Park in Sarcasm, successful in the Hallheaths "seller"

> chance that the thing may race.

The mercenary habit in owners must be ruthlessly and effectively stamped out. Trainers only advertise a few boxes to spare for the horses of noblemen and gentlemen. and people in this category should race entirely to see which horse is fastest, improve our unrivalled breed of horses, and (Continued on p. xxiv)



LADY KIMBERLEY AND THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER GO RACING AT NEWBURY

They were, presumably, discussing the effect of the Autumn Cup result on Cesarewitch chances. Dytchley dead-heated with Severino, who is not entered in the big race, with Solar Bear, Battle Song and Earthstopper next in order—and acquires a 10 lb. penalty by his performance

GOLFING AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL



MR. M. PATRICK, MAJOR AND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, MISS PAMELA FISHER, MR. AND MRS. G. SHAKESPEARE, AND SIR JOHN SIMON



MRS. HANNAY AND MR. V. A. POLLOCK



MRS. CHARLES SWEENY AND LORD ANCASTER



MR. GAVIN ASTOR, MRS. R. MYDDELTON, LADY VIOLET ASTOR,
AND CAPTAIN RIRID MYDDELTON

The House of Commons, is well represented in this page of "gowfers" in the Pictish country. Mr. Patrick sits for Tavistock, Major Lloyd George for Pembrokeshire, Mr. Shakespeare for Norwich (he is Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty), and Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, represents the Spen Valley district of Yorkshire. At the time the photograph was taken, Sir John was Captain of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews, but since then H.R.H. the Duke of Kent has "played himself in" to that office. Lady Violet Astor was playing with her son, Mr. Gavin Astor, and her daughter and her son-in-law, Captain Ririd Myddelton, who is in the Coldstream. Lady Violet's husband, the Hon. J. J. Astor, represents Dover. Her sister-in-law, Lady Astor, is Member for Plymouth. So, taking one thing with another, if the rest of the Astor family had only been present, plus Mr. Speaker with his Mace in his golf-bag, there would have been something like a quorum on the first tee!



Clarke

IN WILTSHIRE: LADY METHUEN AND MISS INEZ HOLDEN

Picking dahlias at Corsham Court, where both Lord and Lady Methuen garden with great energy and enthusiasm. Inez Holden, a young writer with a very individual style, is best known for her short stories, some of which have appeared in this paper

Dangerous Adventure.

S I was reading Ella K. Maillart's really remarkable book of adventure in the account she gives of her journey from Peking to Kashmir, "Forbidden Journey" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), there passed by my window a noisy crowd of holiday-makers, "hiking." And the thought passed once again through my mindwhy do the vast majority of people love to go about always in a herd, while others are really only themselves and completely happy when they are alone? It has been said that one of the reasons why most people are inwardly miserable unless packed within a mass of their fellowcreatures, is that we, being of the animal kingdom and possessing the herd-instinct, are afraid to be by ourselves; an inherited fear

by ourselves; an inherited lear haunting our inner-consciousness when we are by ourselves, which may or may not be true; but what observation has taught me is that, when people have nothing within themselves, mutual chatter with other human beings seems to prevent them from acknowledging to themselves the vast emptiness which lies within their mental, emotional and spiritual being. They live entirely outwardly, and so only outward things have anything to tell them which they can understand. Hence the great appeal of clothes and quizzing and gossip and chatter for no purpose, and activity for even less. To be alone is never a blessèd interlude of pure sanctuary; rather is it hell.

No wonder there is unrest and war, silliness and nit-wittery; and anything which provides a moment of "sensation" is as eagerly sought after as nectar in the everyday of life. On the principle that anything will be welcome so long as it fills up an interior "gap," the world seems to go gaily on from one idiocy to another, in the belief that it is "progressing." The real trouble is, I believe, that there are far too many people in this world, and they see far too much of each other. And because they see far too much of each other, like people who live in the same row, there is always

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

turmoil between them; jealousy, silly ambitions, puerile ideals, and the mass-hysteria of the mob. No wonder those who live excitedly within themselves, or who have worked long and hard and happily far from the too-close proximity of their fellows, when they return to so-called "civilisation" feel themselves suffocated and spiritually tortured by the kind of life they come back to, and are, strangely enough, expected to find so entrancing, so satisfying, and so altogether to be admired.

Yet, when you come to think about it, the only really satisfactory progress which the modern world seems to have made begins with drains and ends in hospitals. Most of the other modern glories come to us with only too-obvious back-handers. Yet we are not supposed to believe it, although we can see these back-handers with both our inner-eyes. No wonder, therefore, that her friends and relations considered Mlle. Maillart a little eccentric, if not "mad"! She is

still young; her home is in Paris; yet she has spent a greater part of her still-young life seeking out alone some of the most dangerous and, for a European, the most lonely spaces of the world; and when she returned to Paris at the end of this surely among the most hazardous journeys ever undertaken by a woman, you can easily read between the lines of her account how eager she was to be off again—by herself. I stress the last two words.

For although in her remarkable journey across the most dangerous and lonely regions of Central China she had as a chance companion that other intrepid traveller, Peter Fleming of The Times, and author of that popular book "One's Company," she owns herself that, though she enjoyed his companionship, there was a sense of "freedom" when alone, even in the desert, which lent her personality "wings"as only solitude can do for those who are rarely lonely when by themselves. And what a hazardous journey it was for any man, let alone a woman! (Although, with the memory of Gertrude Bell, and the knowledge of such intrepid explorers as Ella Sykes and Freda Stark, to say nothing of so-many

dange the n world to P; surely journ woma betwee how again last to Formark most region had that Peter and book

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

H.E. Sir Robert Craigie, Lady Craigie, and a young friend, Miss A. S. Anderson, photographed on arrival at Yokohama aboard the "Empress of Russia." Sir Robert Craigie, who has twice been instructed lately to voice the horror of Great Britain at the apparently relentless war being waged on civilians by Japanese bombers, was an assistant Under Secretary of State, Foreign Department, before being appointed our Ambassador in Japan. He succeeded Sir Robert Clive and has not long taken up his new duties

women missionaries, it makes such an avowal less strange than it used to be.)

There were difficulties and hardships and an ever-threatening danger to life or freedom at every step of the journey. And at almost every step a "surprise." Surely, for instance, she had said to herself that in Central Asia men would at least be free, if poor. As a matter of fact, she found there economic slavery, exploitation, and the ever-present menace of war rampant in every direction. And war itself becoming nearer and nearer as Russian and Japanese influence and arms make themselves felt in clashes with the native Chinese, and in jealousy of each other. Best of all, perhaps, here is a story of real adventure, told in a simple, intimate way that reads as easily, and far more excitingly, than almost any novel, let alone a "thriller." Moreover, the association of the writer with her English companion belongs delightfully to the modern way of the world. They had little in common, but they remained friends. He often exasperated her, yet she "mothered" him. He seemed to regard her as one likely at any moment to become a "nuisance," and yet he appreciated all she did towards the success of the expedition, especially in regard to cooking and simple doctoring. Together
(Continued on page 12) No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937]



THE WEDDING OF MR. C. A. E. SHUCKBURGH TO THE A group taken at the reception after the wedding at St. Mary's Church, Ewelme, Oxon, on September 25th, of Sir John and Lady Shuckburgh's eldest son to the Hon. Nancy Brett, Lord and Lady Esher's younger daughter



MR. AND MRS. FULKE WALWYN

The bride was Miss Diana Clarke, the daughter of Major Charles Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell, and the bride-groom "Reynoldstown's" pilot when he won the Grand National for the second time in succession in 1936

HON. NANCY BRETT (ALSO INSET)

The bridesmads, page and best man, seen in the above group with the bride and bridegeroom, are the Hon. Virginia Brett, the Hon. Ava Baird, Miss Mary Asquith, Miss Laura Bonham-Carter, Miss Ann Capel, Miss Gay Margesson, Raymond Bonham-Carter, and Mr. John Shuckburgh



THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. CAVENDISH

Lord Chesham's only son and heir leaving St. Mark's, North Audley Street, after his wedding to Miss Mary Marshall. As the son of a famous ex-M.F.H., it was quite appropriate that someone should blow them away from the church on a hunting horn

Sir John Shuckburgh, has, during a long and

distinguished career, served at the India Office and Colonial Office

WITH SILENT FRIENDS-continued

they seemed to make a perfect combination, so far as men and women can share the same enthusiasm, the same dangers, the same hardships, and yet lead happily each his own separate existence, with its hopes and fears. This, indeed, is one of the most interesting and exciting travel books which I have read for a long time, and the illustrations are unusually good.

The "Life" of a Boy of Sixteen.

I would like to give "Now I'm Sixteen" (Dent; 8s. 6d.), by young Douglas Pope, undiluted praise. It is well written. It is, indeed, very well written for a boy of his age who, born of poor parents, qualified by means of a scholarship for entrance into Cranbrook Grammar School. But I am bound to confess, in spite of all its remarkable qualities, that it is not about anything very much. Apart, that is, from a description of a boy's life in a country district, and the ever-haunting fear of something more than simple poverty which darkens the lives of working-class parents. Otherwise it is the story of toys and games, and unexpected "treats," and school-life, and all the thousand-and-one things, happy and sad, which make up the narrative of childhood in every grade of society. Occasionally, I fear, with a sandwich-filling of something approaching sententiousness.

As, for example: "Beer, generally speaking, was a thing that helped to make life more miserable for these people. The men, and in some cases the women, considered it a necessity, and drank pints. Thus the money that might have bought new clothes and better food went in buying this muck, which is supposed to 'be best' and to be 'the drink of an AI people.' As I am only a boy, I suppose I ought not to say such things as this against my elders, but it does seem rather absurd, and any clear-thinking person will agree, if I'm not greatly mistaken. I don't object to the drinking of beer, but to the fact that it often interferes with homes, and has, of course, been the reason for many suicides and

breaking-up of families. I'm sure that most people, in the first place, only drink because it is considered manly; the same applies to smoking." This youthful desire to preach is not too frequent, however. The whole book gives an interesting insight into the mind of a highly intelligent boy regarding with the superiority of extreme youth the somewhat too-inferior world in which he worked and played and suffered, yet, on the whole, enjoyed himself. The youthful writer is best of all when he is most "boyish," and when he is describing his home and family, his immediate surroundings, and his less portentous dreams. Which means that, on the whole, it is well worth reading. indeed, it is.

An Unusual "Thriller."

In most romances and nearly all "thrillers," the beginning and the end are the better parts. However, Victor MacClure's story, "The Diva's Diamonds" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), is the exception. The beginning and the end are conventional, the middle portion unusual and remarkably good. It is the description of how a baker's casual assistant found a stolen necklace in the gutter and the strange and terrible effect the discovery had upon his inner-life. The awful conflict which goes on, a conflict of honest stupidity versus greed. The man's fear as he hides the jewels first here, then thereround his neck, around his leg, in his pockets-and all the time becoming quarrelsome and

suspicious through fear of what he does and what it will mean if he loses his precious possession. A madness, in fact, which presently affects nearly everyone connected with him, until it ends in as fine a melodramatic scene as I have read for a long time. This middle portion takes up too large a space in the story, maybe, but it makes the book most worth reading. It gives to an otherwise conventional "thriller" a very great distinction.

Mass-Hysteria.

The other day, roughly two thousand silly women and girls, imbued as one by an erotic mass-hysteria, mobbed a young film-actor who had arrived at a London station. It was a degrading sight, but it was nevertheless symptomatic of an undercurrent in feminine psychology-and, for that matter, in the sillier male as well-which is disturbing. For there is nothing more idiotic or more nauseous than masshysteria, and it is an ever-present danger in these days, when people seem to use their brains less and less, and emotion and sensationalism take the place of individual thought and deduction.

Mr. Don Tracy's American novel, "How Sleeps the Beast" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), is the story of such a human madness as broke out in a small Maryland town when it was discovered that a negro boy, made drunk by a storekeeper who had sold him a gallon of corn whisky, had murdered a loath-some white woman who, from the point of view of the community, was all the better for being dead. His guilt is indisputable, however, and he is thrown into prison. Nevertheless, that is not enough for the mob's love of violence and sensation. The town is invaded by outsiders. The sheriff connives in their offensive. The wretched boy is seized, tortured at times by unmentionable cruelty, shot down at last, and eventually his poor, mangled corpse is kicked and vilified. The story is primarily addressed, of course, to the American public, but it has a world-warning as well. For it shows what can too easily happen when, the mob, having been drilled to think and to act as one, sheer animalism

gets the better of reason, common sense, and that "rejected" individual thinking which is now so unpopular in politically-ridden countries. The telling of this grim tale is as moving as the story itself. It may not be one for the sentimental and squeamish, but for those who think, and think for themselves, it will surely make them think harder than ever.

Domesticity Versus a Career.

For the sentimental and r squeamish, however, there is "Beauty's Rose" (Hale; 7s. 6d.), by Monica Ewer. It is the story of that old problem-marriage versus a career. Loueen, the heroine, thought that she could succeed in combining both. A career during the day; a return to domesticity at night. But, alas! the husband got in the way of the beauty parlour, and the beauty parlour was always coming up against the husband. The result was that poor Loueen nearly lost her husband and completely lost her beauty parlour to two designing and very horrid people. But in the end she won her husband back, and discovered that marriage, if it is to be happy and peaceful, is a woman's lifecareer in itself. So all ends happily for Miss Ewer's readers, even though one suspects that once a woman has become a successful business-woman, time will eventually show her the boring side-for a woman of her capacity anyway-of children, chores, and the too-well-known face returning home at the same hour every blessed evening.



AT THE LONDON PAVILION: LORD BURGHLEY AND MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

A snapshot in the foyer at the première of Marlene Dietrich's British film "Knight Without Armour." Lord Burghley is, of course, the fine athlete and star hurdler, President of the Amateur Athletic Association, Chairman of the British and member of the International Olympic Committees, and Member for Peterborough. The Prime Minister's wife, who is a daughter of the late Major W. V. Cole, married Mr. Neville Chamberlain in 1911 IN
"THE
PHANTOM
LIGHT":
EDNA BEST
AND
GORDON
HARKER

"The Phantom Light," a comedy-thriller by Evadne Price, is at the Haymarket. It is a tale of a lighthouse off the Cornish coast, inhabited by an unscrupulous crook who uses his opportunities as keeper of the light to indulge in wholesale wrecking. Edna Best is a shipowner who goes down to investigate, all by herself, with a portable wireless set, and Gordon Harker is the Cockney relief light-keeper, who gets her out of the trouble she has walked into. Both of them do well—as one would expect—but they are somewhat handicapped by their material



Augus McBean

[No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937



Arthur Owen

MR. DAVID BARCLAY AND MISS BETTY NUTHALL TAKE A GOLFING HOLIDAY Miss Betty Nuthall and Mr. David Barclay are engaged: both are keen on the game at which she is so good and, quite appropriately, won the mixed doubles at a recent tennis tournament in the north. The above picture was taken when they were having a rest playing golf on the Gleneagles Hotel links

Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews may have been changed. Now the past constitution had many drawbacks. Firstly, it meant that the government of golf (though do not forget that a healthy game needs little or no "government") was centred locally in a small Scottish lowland town. Secondly, it meant that it was restricted to members of a single club, elected by the blackball system by their fellow-members.

St. Andrews was virtually the golfing dictator. But then, dictatorship is the simplest and most satisfactory form of government in the world—provided that

you have an efficient and benevolent dictator. The fact that the "old gang" at St. Andrews was beginning to lose the public confidence and try the public patience beyond what it was prepared to stand was responsible for the agitation that led to the changes now proposed.

I do not at the moment know what changes will have been voted at the autumn general meeting, but I venture to hope that they will not have been too sweeping. It is likely that, if not now, then in the future, we shall see proportional representation including the Joint Advisory Council (a body representing all the four national Unions) and, possibly, the Professional Golfers' Association. All of which sounds very fine, but I doubt whether such a body would prove themselves better trustees of the game than a more carefully selected committee representing St. Andrews alone. The crux of the matter is, of course, that half the meetings should be held in London so as to dissociate the power from a local clique.

St. Andrews in the past may have been slow—they have refused, for instance, to tackle the ball question, though they set up a select committee almost in Queen Victoria's day—but they have at least looked after the traditions of the game and have kept it—for which Heaven be praised—free of the out-and-out graft which seemingly characterises lawn tennis.

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

By the time you we have the history of golf will probably have taken place. The constitution of the Royal and

And talking of the ball question—with which I have not troubled you for many weeks now—I was discussing it with a "prominent manufacturer" the other day. Without doubt there are two schools of thought in the matter. He says that a shortening of the ball to make courses play as they were designed to play by the architects would cause thousands of people to give up the game. I say, on the other hand, that once a man plays golf he will continue to play it with any ball that is universally accepted as standard—in other words, that he would make himself content to hit it less far, provided everyone else did the same. It would help us a lot if any reader with views on the subject would communicate them to me. Please do.

A fine example of common sense and tactlessness is the announcement in Australia that that country's " goodwill " team of four who are to tour this country next season are to be chosen partly for their social value as well as their golfing skill. Common sense, because anyone with experience can tell you that what your hosts want is not so much good golfers as good mixers: tactless, because they might at least, if they could not keep it quiet altogether, have waited till they had chosen the team. As it stands, the announcement will come as a downright insult to anyone who, on purely playing ability, deserved a place in the side.



Arthur Owen
ALSO IN THE NORTH: MR. GODFREY
WINN AND MRS. JAMES McALPINE

WINN AND MRS. JAMES McALPINE
Another Gleneagles Hotel snapshot. Mr. Godfrey
Winn's pet game is lawn tennis, and he writes about
it, and also other things, very well

Yet the Australians are only reciprocating openly what we did tacitly to them a year or two back. On our last tour over there we were represented by the Hon. Michael Scott, captain, Jack McLean (to show off the golf), and Leslie Garnett and Dale Bourn (to look after the social side of the question). With one unforeseen exception the quartet proved to be an unbounded success and left a far better impression than that which would probably have been left by those who were strictly the four best golfers in Britain at the time the team went.



Balmais

AT NORTH BERWICK: MRS. ANDREW ATHA

Taken when she was busy watching other people play golf, as a little son arrived only about six weeks ago. Mrs. Atha is the former Miss Betty Rumbold, and is a niece of Sir Horace Rumbold

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



BORTH AND YNYLAS GOLF CLUB, CARDIGANSHIRE-BY "MEL"

This very good holiday course lies north of Aberystwyth, and the fine sands of Borth have provided the club with a glorious strip of duncland. The links were first laid out in 1885, and though the club draws a goodly quota of its members from the Midlands, it is not as well known to the outside world as it deserves to be. Lord Lisburne is the President and Mr. S. H. Johnson the present Captain. Mr. S. Atkinson, who, with other celebrities, is in "Mel's" little gallery, is the Secretary, and has been twice Captain during the last thirty-two years. He is a host in himself and visitors will always find him eager to make them feel at home. It seems a bit redundant to add that he has countless friends

FURTHER LIVELY OCCASIONS ACROSS THE BORDER







Photographs: Paterson

RACING AT INVERNESS: LEFT-LT.-COLONEL W. K. FRASER-TYTLER, MRS. NEIL FRASER-TYTLER AND MISS MARY FRASER-TYTLER; CENTRE-LADY HERSEY BOYLE AND SIR IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON; RIGHT-MRS. WILLIAM MURRAY, THE HON. MRS. DENZIL FORTESCUE AND MISS BECKWITH-SMITH



ABOUT TO MAKE A SPLASH AT STRATHPEFFER

Miss Sophie Stewart, the clever young Scottish film-actress, diving off the rocks at Strathpeffer during a hard-earned holiday. Her brother, Captain James Henderson Stewart, Member for East Fife, is watching her rather anxiously, and it certainly seems as if a painful shock—for which there is a terser and less elegant term—is in store! Miss Sophie Stewart, who was presented at one of the Holyrood Courts and is well known in Scottish Society, has just finished playing Lady Blakeney at Denham, in "The Return of the Pimpernel." Captain Stewart used to be in the Royal Regiment. He is Hon. Secretary to the London Committee of the Scottish National Development Council

The annual Inverness Meeting, at which these top pictures were taken, is a small, friendly affair which is locally highly popular. This year's supporters included our Envoy Extraordinary in Kabul, Lt.-Colonel William Kerr Fraser-Tytler, who came with his kinswoman by marriage, Mrs. Neil Fraser-Tytler, the wife of Colonel Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie. Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, sixteenth Baronet, and Lord Glasgow's second daughter gave serious thought to winner-picking. The Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue, sister-in-law of Lord Fortescue, is Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's niece



SOCIALITE FILM-ACTRESS SOPHIE STEWART



A CHARMING TRAVELLER: MRS. MARK PILKINGTON

Mrs. Mark Pilkington was married in 1936. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and is a cousin of Lord Faringdon. Her mother, the only child of the late Major Donald Maclean, married, as her second husband, Sir Murrough John Wilson, of Cliffe Hall, Darlington, a kinsman of Lord Inchiquin. Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington live at Dorset House, Gloucester Place, but spend a great deal of their time in travelling "for to admire and for to see"



MR. AND MRS. PETER BLACKBURN OF ROUSHVEN

AT THE LOCHABER BALL



LADY KATHERINE GREAVES AND MR. COLIN MACPHERSON



MRS. FRASER-TYTLER AND CAMERON OF LOCHIEL



MRS. TERENCE SANDERS



MISS HELEN BRODIE AND THE HON. FREDERICK MILLS



MR. LYON BALFOUR PAUL AND MISS "TOOTIE" GILMOUR

The ballroom at the Highland Hotel, Fort William, was appropriately adorned with tartans hung on antlers, heather, rowanberries, whin and so forth for this big gathering of the clans of the North, and, as will be noticed by those who know, the muster was entirely representative. Not the least important of the personages was Cameron of Lochiel, twenty-fifth Chieftain of his clan, Colonel Sir Donald Cameron, formerly Grenadier Guards and C.O. various battalions of the Cameron Highlanders during the war. His mother, Lady Margaret Scott, was a daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron, a sister of the Duke of Montrose, brought a family party from Achnacarry, and Norman MacRae, the piper to Cameron of Lochiel who always pipes for the reels. Another outstanding celebrity is Mr. James Chinnery-Haldane, twenty-fourth Laird of Gleneagles, where his family has been seated for 800 years. The ball was a great occasion, as usual



MR. AND MRS. JAMES CHINNERY-HALDANE OF GLENEAGLES



MISS CATRIONA MACLEAN AND MR. ALASDAIR BOYLE

THE LANARK RACE BALL



AND CAPTAIN JOHN WILSON



SITTING ONE OUT: MR. AND MRS. H. B. SCOTT



MISS MILLICENT MCNEILL-HAMILTON,

MR. PAT SCOTT AND MISS BUNNY PILKINGTON

If it is fair to judge by expressions no one can have lost even ane bawbee at the recent Lanark Races, or if he or she did, they seem to be concealing it gey fine. Only the brother of the Laird of Dolphinton looks a bit down in the mouth, but that may be the camera's fault. The Laird himself, Mr. J. M. O. MacKenzie, looks particularly happy. He is in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, who are still on their horses, and their blue kit with scarlet facings lighted up the scene quite somewhat. Lord Clydesdale, who graced the occasion, is Air Force, but there were plenty of Lanarkshire yeomen there besides those just mentioned. Mr. Pat Scott is one, and he was a member of the Ball Committee; Captain John Wilson is another. Captain G. Ashley, who is in the same group, is a Cameronian (Scottish Rifles). Mr. Ken Scott is another Yeoman, and Mrs. Colville, who is in the same group, is the wife of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. H. B. Scott, seen above with his wife, is in The Royals



MISS MARGARET LAWRIE AND MR. J. M. O. MACKENZIE



MISS ANN ROSS AND MR. KENNETH



INCLUDED IN THIS GROUP ARE: MR. KEN SCOTT, MISS PATRICIA MCCOSH, MR. R. ERSKINEHILL, A. N. OTHER, MISS JEAN MUIR AND MRS. J. COLVILLE



DONNET OVER THE WINDMILL contains a playwright whose new plays have for five years unanimously missed fire. The reason, he says, is that they lack emotion, and he cannot invent "winning little characters" to make up for it. Five plays by the author of Bonnet Over the Windmill have been produced since 1930, and all of them have pleased the great, unaccountable public.

A major reason is that Miss Dodie Smith, who goes round observing more than somewhat, is first-class at inventing little characters who are apt and winning. She has several at the New Theatre, with atmosphere to match. Opening scene, a roof-top in Camden Town, vibrant with Vie de Bohème, new style. Down the stairway, Left, live three young actresses in embryo-the eager and intense, the beautiful and dumb, the comic piece with the kind heart—plus a landlady who left vaudeville to work in a shop. The landlady and the comic piece, indubitably, are winning little people; and though the beautiful but dumb girl is hardly winsome, she is at any rate a lifelike cameo of a nitwit. Be-yond the window, Right, live a young writer, a younger musician and a young nondescript, who make friends with the girls by offering the freedom of their refrigerator. Two of these young men easily make the winning grade. The nondescript third, son of a knighted actor, lures his father (a winning

the roof-top, so that, warmed by the quaint scene and a rendering by candlelight of the good old "Lily of Laguna" (sentimental song No. 1 for middle-aged purposes on the stage), he may do something for the best of the actresses. And later, there is another deft cameo in the knighted actor's wife, earnestly anxious to pick mistresses for him, because great actors need stimulation (though he himself wants no more than to recall sweet memories of long ago with the landlady from vaudeville, once his friend of a night or two in theatrical lodgings). Yes, "winning" is the adjective for most of Miss

Dodie Smith's people.

big character), to

What of emotion? There is opportunity for a fine variant of it in Janet, the intensive young thing who gets her great chance from Sir Rupert. Unfledged as yet, she is supposed to have latent genius on the one hand and an excess of unaroused temperament on the other. She is a natural artist; and it is held to be the artist's nature always to give and to stimulate (a questionable argument, but let it pass). So Janet's temperament deflects her from Anthony, the young man on whom she can lean, to Kit Carson, the mature playwright, whom she thinks she can save from Hollywood and worse than artistic death. Kit has lost his trick of putting emotion on paper ever since a lady, with whom he had lived in fervent adultery amid white roses, died on him when she realised that his love was suddenly gone; since when he has used no other except stray dinner-guests who have stayed to



COMIC PIECE : BETTY JARDINE

Portrait of an Eager Virgin

breakfast. Janet, confident that she can restore his talent for emotion. submits herself as a new target for rapture and roses. Nearly every play by Dodie Smith includes a hill, mound, bank, knoll or rock where virgins offer men themselves and their inspiration. Here it is a mound beside the windmill in which Kit

writes his abortive plays; a mound convenient for not too florid rhapsody over sunset and waving corn; a mound well suited to fetching, second-Act Curtains to the tune of "Auprès de ma Blonde." So Janet, having made advances on the mound, and insisted on the roof-top, returns with Kit for a night in his windmill,

All of which would be all very fine and poignant if the young woman herself were completely credible. She is persuasive in much of her talk, but a good deal less so as acted, and especially as produced. In the opinion of Sir Rupert

CAMEO OF AN UNDERSTANDING WIFE: MARY HINTON

she is "a potentiality of something he has not seen since Meggie Albanesi." In terms of humanity, she resembles the greatly lamented Meggie Albanesi about as much as she resembles Shirley Temple, and a good deal less than she resembles Greta Garbo. She is cloudy, remote, unearthly,

fearfully tense (Meggie was warm, purposeful, smooth in manner, acute in intuition, blessed with abundant humour). If our Janet in any way suggests anybody of consequence,

it is the young English actress who has gone furthest on the English stage since Meggie Albanesi's day; but the resemblance stops short of fire behind the surface of otherworldliness (and the trick of looking upward at an angle of 45 degrees). Her temperament must be taken on trust. She is no Meggie, or Peggy. The men around her keep on saying, "You are a strange girl!" (varied by "You are a crazy girl" and "You are the funniest kid "). She is, indeed, a strange girl: so strange that she is an original more of the theatre than of life.

It is, however, well - manipulated "theatre": thus, the scene on the morning after Janet's night in Kit's windmill. He has gone to Hollywood nevertheless: and Janet, treading sadly and slowly, returns to the roof-top, having achieved no more than an adventure. a minor operation and later. a gift of white roses to show that the adventure was not altogether barren. So cleverly is the occasion constructed that for most of half an hour the audience.

like Janet's friends, are absorbed in the effects on her of having Known a Man. She gets wrapped in shawls, dosed with cups of tea, implored to eat and to be a good girl who doesn't brood or cry. This cosseting

after what is, after all, a not unusual experience is almost Victorian in its implications. In the last decade there appeared a series of small books which, starting with J. B. S. Haldane's excellent Dædalus, or The Future of Science, ranged through the future of most things down to Lars Por-



CAMEO OF A NITWIT : GILLIAN MAUDE

of Swearing. This scene made me regret that the publishers declined to include "Iphigenia, or The Future of Virginity." (How different to these attitudes was that which prevailed among moderns of the nineteen-twenties, when so many young women left the academies and the universities deter-mined to Experience All and be none the worse for it.)

Well, Miss Dodie Smith, as I have said, is a firstclass observer of the generations; and I hope she is right in applying so high a regard for inviolate status to the newyoung in her fragrant, moderately sentimental play.

Miss Anne Firth's Janet is an interesting study of tenseness and mannerism notwithstanding. Mr. James Mason plays the dramatist with smooth, not to say slick, precision. Mr. Cecil Parker is

firmly in character as the actor-knight; Miss Ivy St. Helier derly delivers her bitter-sweet goods; Miss Betty Jardine again turns plumpness to good comic advantage; Mr. Peter Coke, Miss Mary Hinton, and Miss Gillian Maude are in tune with their apt rôles.



SWEET MEMORY OF LONG AGO: IVY ST. HELIER,

CECIL PARKER

[No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937 THE TATLER

CONTINENTAL STARS TAKE A "SMOKE-OH ": ISA MIRANDA, GABY MORLAY, ANNABELLA AND FERNAND GRAAVEY

They are all well known on the screens of the morid, as well as in France. Isa Miranda is Italian. They met in an interval of work at the studios where they were making various films, and the cooler and glass visible at the left edge of the picture suggest an adequate reason for the gathering

T'S quite nice to be back in Paris, Très Cher, and to find my hometown (by adoption) snugly and warmly in the midst of l'été de la St. Martin: so warm and so sunny that one of our lily-white loveliests, who had successfully preserved her beautiful skin from the scorching rays of the midsummer sun, acquired—to her horror and our unkind amusement-a dear little red nose on the terrace of the "Transat" restaurant, where we coffee-d after the farewell luncheon to Fernand Graavey and his wife, Jane Renouardt. They have just left for Hollywood, where Fernand is to follow up the big success he has had with the King and the Chorus Girl. This gay film-and-theatre-world function was my autumn "deebou" to la vie Parisienne, and, despite the discomfort of town shoes after two months of espadrilles and even bare feet, I enjoyed myself hugely,

and would have enjoyed myself even more if I had not been obliged to pass up most of the excellent dishes that formed the menu, since my fondness for country fare during the holidays has burdened me with some too, too solid flesh that must be got rid of before I can order my winter outfit.

I had to use a shoe-horn and a lot of persuasion before I could get into an evening frock for the repetition générale of Sacha Guitry's newest "open confession" in six tableaux at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. I found plenty of fellowsufferers there, but other people's misfortunes never console me for my own. Anyway, it was worth while . . . oh, those country tartines of pain bis and butter, to say nothing of the baby homards, the grilled, fresh sardines and the little, waxy potatoes that Noirmoutier yields! I brought back a whole sackful of my own growing, but in Paris potatoes are only eaten by the staff-lucky staff!-and Josephine has lost sight of her own waistline while looking after mine. A Guitry first-night is a big noise in this "burg," and the smart little Théâtre de la Madeleine was crowded, pressed down and brimming over. Gate-crashing at premières is a public nuisance in Paris and extremely difficult to cope with; the

Priscilla in Paris

uninvited guests merely murmur the number of this or that box belonging to that or this well-known critic who always has the same pew, and once inside the theatre, it is easy to hide until the curtain goes up, when a rush is made to the nearest unoccupied seat, the crashers knowing perfectly well that the rightful owner will not care to make a fuss when he-or she-arrives late and the play has started. During the interval the house-manager and the staff try to round up the undesirables, but the latter keep on the move, and it is not an easy task to catch them in the couloir crush of a générale. The second act finds them in full force, squatting in the gangways, standing at the back of the boxes, or seated on the steps of the dress circle, where eviction again would mean a disturbance.

It is not an exaggeration to call Sacha Guitry's play an "open confession."

It may not be good for his soul, but it is certainly good for our entertainment. He has often staged his own affaires de cœur, but never quite so blatantly as in this frothy, amusing little comedy that he entitles Quadrille. The "setting to partners" of his recent divorce and remarriage is very good fun when the limelight shines upon the performers-and if he doesn't mind, why should we?

Gaby Morlay, who, last season at the same theatre, was such an exquisite Victoria Regina, plays the part of the erring partner who falls in love with a cinema actor; while Jacqueline Delubac (now Mme. Sacha Guitry) is the delightful vis-à-vis who steps into the faithless lady's shoes. Sacha, of course, is the bone of contention. very good bone-with plenty of white meat on it. The part of the cinema actor is played by a newcomer, one George Grey, who made a brief appearance with Cécile Sorel in a music-hall sketch a little while ago; he is quite the



GORJITA HERRERO

Paris has a passion for Spanish dancers, as it seems, and Gorjita Herrero, a specialist in the gipsy dances of her country, has recently been appearing with great success in the Paradise of Good Americans

of Good Americans

handsomest thing in the
world, and when one has
said that, one has said everything. This is rather unkind of Sacha.

Since he chooses to sail so near the truth, he might just as well have made the Other Man very charming, very clever, a very good actor, and not so terribly good-looking, though quite good-looking enough. What cats men are to each other, bless 'em! The incidental music of the play was great fun. Canned, of course, but canned by Ray Ventura, who, aided by his "collegians," has recorded an amusing pot-pourri of quadrille tunes, the Wedding March, and various appropriate, topical airs that gave us furiously to smile!

I went round to see Gaby Morlay during the interval—Sacha has a pleasing way of having only one entr'acte—and found her battling with la grippe. She battled bravely, using mulled wine as a weapon, though the smell of the spiced claret mingling with that of the flowers that filled her dressing-room was summat overwhelming. We all fell for the delicious brew, and toasted her with "Un coup de rouge, citoyenne," instead of the traditional champagne. This production is, of course, one that "must PRISCILLA.

MRS. FRANK SHIELDS AND MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY AT THE LOS ANGELES CHAMPIONSHIPS

HOLLYWOOD GOES TENNIS MAD

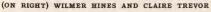


LORETTA YOUNG AND A HAT-FOR THE SUN BLAZED LIKE BLAZES



VIRGINIA BRUCE GILBERT AND ANOTHER HAT

Next to the appearance and victory, with Budge, in the mixed doubles, of that very popular person, Helen Wills Moody, seen sitting alongside the wife of the famous American crack, Frank Shields, Loretta Young and Virginia Gilbert's fascinating hats were the big feature at the Pacific South West Championships, which were fought out at Los Angeles just recently. It was small wonder that Hollywood (and all other places within reach) poured themselves out, for there was something more than a reed shaken by the wind for to see—Donald Budge and Gottfried von Cramm were down to fight the battle of Forest Hills over again. Donald Budge again beat his doughty foeman, 2—6, 7—5, 6—4 and 7—5, in a temperature which they said would not have disgraced Gehenna. That obviously was the reason for Loretta's and Virginia's hats. Loretta Young has just finished a big Fox Film, "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"



Photos.: Hyman Fink



GILBERT ROLAND AND CONSTANCE BENNETT



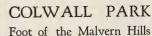
'CHASING AT Society Gathers at the



MR. AND MRS. J. C. CLAY CONSIDER THE RUNNERS



MRS. K. SHENNAN AND HER WINNER, "PORTE BONHEUR" (J. BISSILL UP)





MR. CYRIL HEBER-PERCY, M.F.H., AND MRS. HEBER-PERCY



MR. H. SUMNER, M.F.H., AND SIR JAMES CROFT



WITH THE MISSES BEEBY: JUDGE ROOPE-REEVES



Photographs by Truman Howell
SIR ALFRED SLADE
WITH MRS. H. CLIVE

The going was good at the Colwall Park one-day 'Chase Meeting, and a quite satisfactory number of horses came under starter's orders. Mrs. Shennan's "Porte Bonheur" gave J. Bissill a winning ride in the opening event, the Stewards' Hurdle. Behind his owner in the photograph can be seen his smiling trainer, Brig.-General C. R. P. Winser. Mrs. Cyril Heber-Percy was another winning owner caught by the camera, her "Roi Tondel," ridden by Gerry Wilson, justifying his odds-on favouritism in the Bosbury Optional Selling Hurdle. Mr. Heber-Percy is Joint-Master of the Cotswold, and Mr. H. Sumner is now sole Master of the Worcestershire, Major H. P. Rushton having retired. Sir James Croft is a former Joint-Master of the North Herefordshire, and Sir Alfred Slade had the Avon Vale from 1933 and until the end of last season, hunting hounds himself. Mr. J. C. Clay, the famous Glamorganshire bowler, who, incidentally, pursues Welsh hounds with great zest, made cricket history this summer by taking 17 wickets in a Glamorganshire v. Worcestershire encounter. He was sixth in the bowling averages with 1739

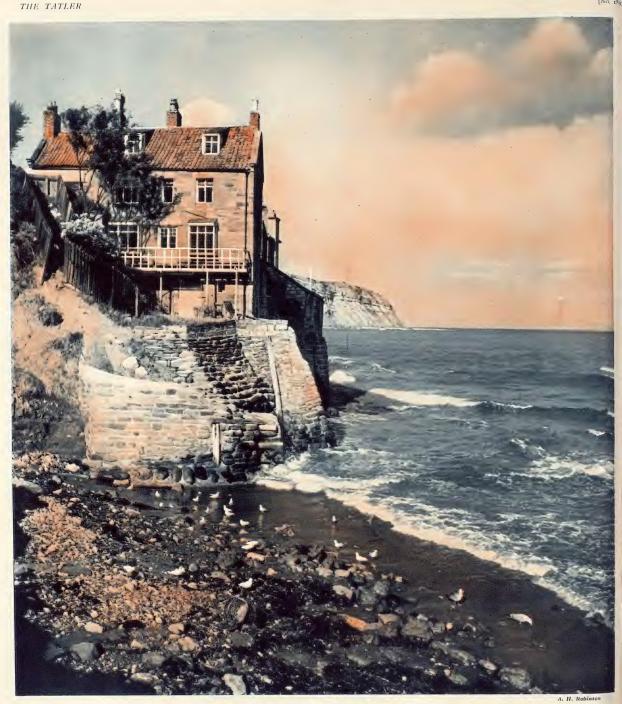
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THE BARONESS DE RUTZEN AND HER DAUGHTER, VICTORIA

The Baroness de Rutzen, who is the only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Philipps, of Picton Castle, Haverfordwest and Tregeyb, Llandilo, South Wales, married Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park, in 1932, and the other lady in the picture arrived a year later. The de Rutzen family is of ancient Polish lineage dating back to 1657, and the present holder of the title was granted permission by Royal Licence to use it within the British Empire. Baron de Rutzen was at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and his father, Alan Frederick James, Baron de Rutzen, was killed in action in 1916 while serving with the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry

[No. 189



ROBIN HOOD BAY, YORKSHIRE

A calm and peaceful picture of a coast that is not always that way, as many people know. It was at this very spot that King John was cast up A caim and peacetul picture of a coast that is not always that way, as many people know. It was at this very spot that King John was cast up by the sea and the dalesmen treated him so kindly, after possibly, applying artificial respiration, that he gave the Staintondale inhabitants a charter to hunt the chases and warrenes of those parts in perpetuity. This old thirteenth-century charter is the real foundation-stone of the Staintondale Hunt of to-day, but unhappily it has disappeared. Robin Hood Bay is half-way between Scarborough and Whitby. "Bramblewick" is the Robin Hood Bay of Mr. Leo. Whalmsley's film "Turn of The Tide," and the author has achieved such good atmosphere in his story because he lives at the place. The cliffs are being eroded by the waves, and Wesley's old chapel is tumbling into the sea



OVER THE SEA-WALL: ROUGH WEATHER AT HERNE BAY

The sea is a restless neighbour, a wild vagabond beyond control. Build your sea-wall how you will, there will come a day when the flood tide runs high at "springs" with the wind behind it and the wave-tops will fly high over your defences, to scatter wrack and shingle at your doors. Then when the stream turns and the wind veers and dies down on the ebb you must sweep your roadway clear again and give an eye to the groynes along the beach. The shape of the foreshore has changed in a few hours, the wooden barriers that control the shingle of the seafront are banked high on the windward side, a few more planks have been battered out of them and must be repaired. When the blow starts on the rising flood you will be wise to confine your walks to the side streets of the town—unless you have no objection to a wet jacket

THE TATLER



IN "SOUTH RIDING": ANN TODD AS MRS. CARNE

Ann Todd has the part of Robert Carne's wife in "South Riding," the film of which Victor Savile has recently completed at Denham. It is a story of the English countryside, in which Edna Best plays the part of the local school-teacher. Ann Todd had only recently completed work on Edgar Wallace's "The Squeaker" at Denham when the filming of "South Riding" started. Edmund Gwenn is also one of the strong cast of this picture, and John Clements, who has the part of the Soviet Commissar in "Knight With-out Armour," is another



LADY SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL

LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL

LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND HER CHILDREN AT BLENHEIM

The family name carried by Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill and her sisters is reminiscent of great days in history. Churchill, of course, comes from the famous Duke of Marlborough, whose prodigies of generalship and diplomacy undoubtedly saved Europe from the welt-politik of Louis XIV.; Spencer comes from the fifth Earl of Sunderland who, as grandson of the great soldier through his second daughter, Anne, succeeded to the title as the third duke. "Sarah" also recalls the victorious leader's brilliant wife, Sarah Jennings, who ruled the roast at home and who alone kept the General's politician enemies at bay on the "home front." The present Duchess is the daughter of the late Lord Chelsea, eldest son of the 5th Lord Cadogan: the first Lord Cadogan was M.P. for Woodstock, the royal manor on which Blenheim was built. This Lord Cadogan was also Ambassador to Brussels, Master of the Robes, Ambassador to the States General and Commander-in-Chief, dying four years after Marlborough: a curiously parallel career!

AT LADY SEAFIELD'S RECENT SHOOT

A snapshot at one of the shooting-lodges when the "cease fire" had been sounded. Left to right: Major-General Sir Geoffrey White, Mr. Studley-Herbert's step-father, one-time a most distinguished Artilleryman; Sir Fisher Dilke, who married Ethel Clifford, the poetess; Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley; Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert and his wife, the Countess of Seafield; and the Hon. Paddy Bellew, who draws those amusing pictures

THE Viceroy of India, so it is announced, is about to round off his stay in India's Hill Capua with a walking tour through the Kulu Valley all the way to Lahore—an ideal rest-cure after the very strenuous hot-weather session. His Excellency could not have hit upon a better form of relaxation, for, like all the valleys of the Great Mountains, Kulu is as near Fairyland as you could arrive. The Enchanted Valley of Kashmir, another quite as beautiful a spot, the Chûmbi Valley in Tibet—you can pick them almost at random and make no mistake. In the Kulu Valley there are two outstanding products—apples and bears: the apples are very good, the bears not at all good—in

Chotey Lal

LADY LUMLEY AND MR. A. C. ARDESHIR

AT POONA RACES

H.E. Sir Roger and Lady Lumley, the new Governor of Bombay and his wife, have not been long in finding that pleasant spot, Poona. Mr. Ardeshir is the senior steward of the W.I.T.C. fact, very cross. They made a jingle about them once upon a time, and part of it went like this: "... so he killed the Kulu bhâlu. and of his fur he made him mittens, with the fur side on the inside and the skin side on the outside. Oh! that Kulu bhâlu." I forget the I forget the rest, but the general suggestion was that if he had not had that bhâlu outside him, he might have been on the inside himself. I do not want to discourage his Excellency, but this is the way the local inhabitants. who have cheeks as rosy as their own apples, think about these bears. Incidentally, the Himalayan bear is much faster over the ground than his looks suggest he could be, even though he is nothing like as fast as a tiger, who, I should say, could go five furlongs in about 1 min. 2 sec. or less, if pressed.

The outcry against the pollution of our well of pure English

by Americanisms has vet once again become very clamant, and I can but suppose that it is Mr. Damon Runyon's fault. His books, which introduce us to the highest of gangster society, are not due till next year, and I am brave enough to say " Worse luck," and that I wish Messrs. Constable would hurry up. As one of the hyper-purists has chided me for saying "It is not an atom of good," instead of using the word "molecule. I think I am rather on the side of those who like American neologisms. It would be impossible to deny that they are very infectious, and it is more than possible that after this recent dose of Damon Runyon we shall find even the most superior persons talking about "dolls" and "guys" and "joints," meaning, of course, the other superior persons and the superior hotels and restaurants at which they are so frequently photographed (much against their will) when absorbing the superior "eats." We shall soon read: "The Dook has taken the wind and, in spite of being short of scratch-in fact, more than somewhat out of potatoes—gone to his Scotch joint to get rid

Pictures in the Fire



Balmain

AT NORTH BERWICK: SIR DAVID KINLOCH AND LORD HUTCHISON

Brigadier-General Sir David Kinloch, a former Grenadier, entered the Army in 1878, Major-General Lord Hutchison of Montrose in 1900, in the 7th D.G.s



Poole, Dublin

THE LAST OF THE SEASON IN PHŒNIX PARK
Three of the people who saw the last of the flat season
at Phœnix Park: Major Bellingham, a kinsman of
Sir Edward and well known with the Louth; Mrs.
Graham-Toler, who hunts with the Westmeath; and
Miss Doreen Baring, so well known with the Limerick

By "SABRETACHE"



Balmain

ALSO AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS SPEIR AND MISS R. WHITAKER

They were waiting at the first tee. Miss Speir is a daughter of Lieut.-Col. Guy Speir and a niece of Evelyn, Baroness Blythswood



Poole, Dublin

ALSO TAKEN AT THE PHŒNIX PARK RACES

The moment was when Mr. D. R. Browning's "Dark Sea" was winning the La Touche Plate. In the picture are Miss Mary Lecky, who hunts with the Carlow, Miss Denise St. George Smith (Meath) and Lord Gormanston



IN THE GARDEN AT LUTTRELLS, HAMPSHIRE

The owner of this beautiful house on the Solent, Major-General Sir Geoffrey White, is in the picture on the opposite page taken at Lady Seafield's shoot. In this picture, also taken recently, are, left to right: Prince de Chimay, Mrs. Alec Hambro, Mr. Whitaker, of Pylewell Park, Mr. Alec Hambro, Miss Penelope Whitaker and Lady Smiley, the former Miss Nancy Beaton

of the cold in his beezer. The gabb about the Duch is all phonus-bolonus. The Duch is the rose geraniums." I hope it may not quite come to this, but it would put a bit of "zing" into our social news-columns if it did.

"Poison Mysteries Unsolved," a book written by Dr. C. J. S.

Thompson, was kindly lent to me to read, not because I am a poisoner, but because I have passed many weary days in lands where the poisoner is an acknowledged expert. I am glad that I have read this book, because I wish I could have asked the author a few questions before he wrote it. It is all most interesting and shows us how even! those who are so elementary as to use arsenic and strychnine have managed to get away with it. I should have been more interested if this learned author had been more dialectical. I should have liked to have heard his opinion as to why poisoners, as a race, are such in-fernal fools. Dr. Thompson, of course, confines his efforts to the cases in which they have defeated Justice and his own profession, and this is all very intriguing,

average clodhopper poisoner think that he can beat the law, especially when he employs arsenic? Dr. Thompson writes:

"There are many strange features in connection with these cases, such as the similarity in the manner in which they were carried out, food or drink being the media which the murderer must have known would be taken by the victims."

By what other media is it suggested that arsenic, for example, can be administered with any hope of success? There are none, save hypodermic injection, which, I take it, is always rather difficult and apt to be noticed quite quickly, even by the victim! In Eastern climes, where cholera is so prevalent,

one can readily understand the great vogue which arsenic enjoys. The symptoms are so very much akin, and as the cadaver cannot be kept for any length of time, and as cremation where the Hindu is concerned is a religious obligation, it is all so simple. But for anyone to employ arsenic in England, or in any country where cholera is unknown, marks him out as a peculiarly dumb poisoner. Death is extremely painful in arsenical poisoning and is accompanied by almost an equal amount of agony in the case of strychnine : also there are certain muscular contractions which give it away! And vet these Western muddlers go on using both these drugs! Arsenic remains, and surely the abundant case-law ought to tell the veriest mutt that the analyst is bound to find it? Yet the operators never seem to think of this. I am all out for

(Continued on page xx)



Choten Lal

BOMBAY'S NEW GOVERNOR GOES
RACING AT POONA

H.E. Sir Roger Lumley (on right) at the Poona Autumn Meeting talking to Sir Victor Sassoon, whose other name is "Bombay." Sir Roger Lumley took up his charge on September 18th. It is still a bit more than tepid in India

but why does the



IN "CREST OF THE WAVE": ENA BURRILL AS HELEN WINTER, VILLAINESS

She's only a gangster's daughter, but very much on the spot! Ena Burrill in "Crest of the Wave," the Ivor Novello show at Drury Lane, is Helen Winter—what the villainess is in Summer is not stated!

HE tramp looked over the garden hedge and saw the lady of the house working in her garden. Immediately he launched out on a tale of woe.
"Please give a 'elping 'and to a

pore feller wot's down on 'is luck,'
he moaned. "I'm just a good
man in misfortune, trustin' ter
Providence. You can see 'ow I've worn out me trahsis bein' so much on me knees."

The woman was moved by his tale and his earnestness, and took him into the kitchen and had him given a good meal and sent on his way. As he went towards the gate he heard her call, and turned

back, hoping for a coin as well.
"You tried to prove," said the
lady, "that you were a good man
by pointing out how worn your
trousers are at the knees. I see they are also very worn and patched in another part. Perhaps you can explain that?"

The tramp thought quickly.
"Well, mum," he replied, "I won't hide nothink from you. I confess that before I mended me ways I was a great backslider."

"How much do I owe you for curing my deafness?" the patient asked the medical man. "Three guineas" was the reply.

"Did you say four guineas?"
No, five guineas."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The following anecdote is taken from that amusing book, "A 'Pink 'Un' Remembers," by J. B. Booth (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.). Actually, it was originally published in "The R.A.M.C. Magazine" during the war:

"One of the staff of this magazine turned into an institu-tion for some eggs and bacon. With the food a clergyman entered, and suggested that a hymn be sung. As this looked like a long operation and the eggs, etc., might get cold, our friend calmly ate on, while the others stood and sang. A few days later he was in the same place, at the same time, and again the eggs and bacon and the cleric arrived simultaneously, but this time, his eyes fixed on the visitor, the parson said: 'My friend, we will now sing all the verses of 'God Save the King!' He won."

And this effort came from another wartime magazine, The Minden ":

"A certain division was anxiously awaiting news. After a long time a pigeon appeared, and was seized by eager hands. A grimy message was found, bearing the following portentous news: 'Arm fed oop with carrying this —— bird.'"

As the huge liner came into port, a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her.
"Clear out of the way with that old tub," shouted an

officer on the bridge.

A sun-burned face appeared over the cabin hatchway.

"Are you the captain of that vessel?"
"No," answered the officer.
"Then speak to your equals," came from the barge. " I 'm

the captain of this."

The train was one of those cross-country affairs that stopped at every station, and frequently several times in between.

Towards the end of a very long journey the ticket - collector came round the carriages.

"Look here, sir," he said to one of the passengers as he examined his tickets, "that boy is too

big to travel half-fare."
"Is he really?" replied the passenger quietly. "Well, he was small enough when we started."

All through the foot-ball match an enthusiast had loudly urged the home team on to victory. Presently he turned to his neighbour

and said in a whisper:
"Do you know, I
believe I've lost my

voice through shouting so much."

"Don't worry," came the bitter reply, "you'll can be the reply find it in my left ear."

At a council meeting there was a discussion regarding the amount of milk which should be provided for school children.

The chairman of the Health Committee made the following statement: "What this town needs

is a supply of clean, fresh milk, and the council should take the bull by the horns and demand it.



A TRAINER'S FAMILY: MRS. PAT DONOGHUE WITH CLIVE AND SHEILA

Pat Donoghue is not the only member of the family to figure as a trainer. "Grandfather Steve," who is fifty-three, is to retire from the saddle and will take over Crouch's stable at the end of the season. Pat trains ponies for Miss Dorothy Paget, among others. The third generation seen here consists of Clive, who is six-off, and Sheila, rising two, who seems quite at home in the saddle



new evening mode. Elizabeth Arden's principles of colour harmony have always been important to women who dress with distinction. This season they

are absolutely essential.

Elighth Arden

AT NEWBURY ON AUTUMN CUP DAY



LADY CRIPPS, FROM AMPNEY PARK, AND CAPTAIN BRIAN FAIRFAX-LUCY



MISS DIANA PHIPPS, LADY SYBIL PHIPPS' DAUGHTER, AND LORD STALBRIDGE



BUSY WITH THEIR PENCILS: MAJOR AND MRS. NIGEL BENGOUGH



LADY STANLEY AND LADY STAVORDALE



LADY ESSEX AND LADY DE RUTZEN



LADY MONCK AND MISS PORTAL

That there was a splendid gallery at Newbury on Autumn Cup day was not surprising, for no fewer than ten Cesarewitch candidates were engaged in the big event. No one could have wished for a better race than this public trial, which its resultant dead-heat provided. Among the most regular of regulars at the meeting was Lord Tweedsmuir's son-in-law, Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy, who had come straight from Lanark and races six days a week as often as not. He is seen talking to a well-known V.W.H. personality, the wife of Major Sir Frederick Cripps. Major and Mrs. Nigel Bengough (she is a sister of Sir George Albu) motored from their house near Sonning. The Duchess of Gloucester's ten-year-old niece, Miss Diana Phipps, enjoyed herself hugely at Newbury, and got Lord Stalbridge to help her mark her card. Lady Stavordale, another West Country high-light, was going around with Lord Derby's daughter-in-law. Baroness de Rutzen, nie Philipps, lives in South Wales, and Lady Essex and her husband now have a house near Salisbury. Lady Monck was Baroness Vreto before her recent marriage



DEAP CREPE LUXURY 3'11 - 4'11

DI ANGS

5'11 . 6'11

BEHIND THE SCENES

"MUST say," young Charles Mosden broke in, "I should have liked to have seen you two old boys standing outside stage doors with your noses in bouquets." The two old boys referred to, Jimmie Taylor and Paul Robe, resented the implication of senility and Taylor answered rather sharply, telling young Charles that, as a matter of fact, he always held his bouquet behind his back, so that when he rushed the stage doorkeeper the flowers remained intact.

"And what did you do?" Charles asked Robe a trifle superciliously, thinking the whole business very ridiculous. Paul Robe let his grey head fall back on to the chair and, staring up at the clean ceiling of the smoking-room in the Regent, puffed at his cigar very slowly and

deliberately.

"I've only been behind the scenes once," he said at length. "Jimmie's the expert on the days of the Johnnie." "You don't expect me to believe

that?" Charles put in.

"Nevertheless, it's a fact," Robe answered, and his sensitive, thin fingers tapped restlessly on the fat, red arm of the chair. Jimmie Taylor scratched his bald head.

"I should have thought you'd have been in the forefront of the battle," he

remarked.

"I'd every intention of being," Robe said dryly, "but I made a false start." His head came down again and his eyes, of a hard and brilliant blue, looked at young Mosden

so directly that the latter felt a little uncomfortable. "You'd do well to keep your illusions," he went on, "and not mess about in the wings." "I never had any," Charles replied.

"That's the worst of the present-day young men," Taylor said.
"They're so matter-of-fact; they haven't time for a game of makebelieve."

"It's a matter-of-fact world to-day," Robe defended him. "There's very little left to the imagination." Young Charles Mosden, rather heartened by Robe's defence of him, thought the least he could do by way of reciprocation was to take some notice of his previous remark.

to take some notice of his previous remark.

"How did you get a false start?" he asked. Robe didn't answer him for a moment or two, but turned his cigar slowly round and round in his mouth while the grey ash hung in the balance. Finally, he gave the stem a flick with his finger; the ash scattered on the red carpet and he sat up a little straighter in his chair.

"It was like this," he began. "Of course, I was very young at the time, and you"—he pointed to Mosden—"weren't born at all. I was making my first trip to Paris. It was a nice, small, gay town then, not the dull hole it is now; and as my French wasn't up to much, my father had sent me abroad to improve it. His notion of the way to do this was to board me out Passy way with a family—a very respectable family—to whom I was supposed to talk nothing but French, and who talked nothing but French to me. A week soon convinced me that the French language wasn't worth all that, and I came to the conclusion that, if I was



The girl was sitting on a kitchen chair, facing a cracked and dirty mirror

to satisfy my father and myself, I must get hold of someone to whom talking would be a pleasure and not a bore." Robe signalled the waiter and ordered himself a whisky-and-soda.

"Well," he continued, "I was a little terrified of going into any of the bigger places like the Tabourin or the Bullier, so I picked on a little restaurant which I had passed in my walks with Madame, and in which I gathered there was always a song and dance going on in the evening to entertain the diners. There was nothing remarkable about the place: Mogel's, they called it, but I thought among the cosmopolitan clientèle I might find someone, young and spirituelle—you know how the advertisements go." The waiter brought his drink and he sipped it before continuing. "As a matter of fact," he went on, "that particular night

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "that particular night I didn't pay attention to the other diners, because I had no sooner sat down and struggled through the menu in an attempt to order something which would turn out to be neither a toothpick nor a frog, when the dirty, heavy green curtains which divided the small stage from the tables were drawn apart and, while a man fiddled and another played the piano, a girl came on and danced. It was, I remember, a bit of that thing of Delibes'—"

(Continued on page 38)



Why am I so tired this morning?

HE morning should find you alert in mind and vigorous in body. If your sleep has failed to dispel the fatigue of yesterday and you awake tired, weary and listless, there is a definite cause.

Either you retired late and did not obtain the necessary hours of restful sleep, or your sleep, unknown to you perhaps, was restless, and you awakened still weary. If the latter, the most likely cause is faulty nutrition. You have probably gone to bed without providing Nature with the right form of nutriment—that complete and easily assimilated nourishment so essential for repairing the daily wear and tear on your system and creating ample reserves of energy.

Don't make the same mistake to-night. Banish Morning Tiredness by making 'Ovaltine' your regular bedtime beverage. It is unequalled for inducing peaceful and *restful* sleep. Overnight, 'Ovaltine' provides just those important nutritive elements necessary to build up body, brain and nerves and to create new stores of energy and vitality while you sleep.

> Start the 'Ovaltine' habit to-night and exchange Morning Tiredness for that "top-of-themorning" feeling. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine' -there is definitely nothing "just as good."

valtine

THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHT=CAP

Restores Vitality while you Sleep

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, I/I, I/IO & 3/3



LADY CHURSTON WITH ONE "HANDFUL"

BEHIND THE SCENES—(Continued from page 36)

"Coppelia?" Taylor put in.

"Yes, that's it. She had on a white ballet skirt, very fluffy, a pair of white tights and blue ballet shoes. But what caught my attention at once were her eyes. People have often said of mine that they are startlingly blue, which may be due to the long periods I've had to spend in the sun in India and elsewhere, but I realise the disconcerting effect they have on people because the eyes of the ballet dancer, blue and unwinking, had the same effect on me. There was, as it happened, no one sitting between me and the stage and it seemed to me that every time she faced the front her eyes rested on me. There was no expression in them, either of invitation or the reverse: she just looked through me and past me; but she was very pretty in a fair way, and the blue in her eyes was not hard like mine, but soft like love-in-the-mist. When the curtain came down I found myself staring at it and yet seeing nothing but the girl's He cleared his throat and took another sip of his eyes." drink.

"Of course, it occurred to me at once that something might be done about meeting her; but a café is not the same thing as a theatre, and with no stage door and very little French, I didn't know quite what to do about it. That I should have done something about it in any case I am very certain, but my plan was helped along unexpectedly by seeing the violinist leave his instrument, appropriate a table in the far corner, and order himself a bock. I signalled to the waiter and asked him to ask the violinist to join me. At least, that 's what I thought I said, and anyway, the violinist came along. I began to praise his playing in my execrable French and, after letting me struggle for a couple of minutes, he put me out of my misery in excellent English.

'Thank you, Monsieur,' he said. 'My playing is so marvellous that I could, doubtless, get a job at your Queen's Hall any day; but somehow I don't. So we will leave it I could see at once that he was a bitter little beast. at that." His black velveteen jacket and his artistic bow were both filthy; his fingers were stained with tobacco and his narrow, weak, fair face hadn't seen a razor for twenty-four hours.

"' Have another bock,' I put in hastily.
"' Thank you, I will,' he said and, while I gave the waiter the order, he studied me frankly with a wealth of disapproval in his eyes. Whether it was the fashionable cut of my clothes and the other signs of comfortable affluence, or whether it was my stiff manner which was due to nervousness more than anything else—after all, I was only nineteen and it was my first night off the leading-string—I don't know, but he quite definitely disliked me. Nevertheless, he finished his bock and started on the one I had ordered him without comment, while I wondered whether it was worth while mentioning the girl to him at all, as he wasn't very likely to give me much help. Still, I had to say something.

" 'Mademoiselle is very charming,' I began. He looked round the restaurant in search of whom I was talking. 'I mean the dancer—I don't know her name,' I added hastily. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently and began rolling a

cigarette.

"'Étienne,' he said. 'She is my sister.'

Your sister!' I exclaimed. 'I wonder if you would-I rushed on impetuously, and then stopped. As he put his tongue to the paper to stick it he cocked an eye at me,

derisive and unfriendly.

"' Introduce you, Monsieur?' he said, putting the limp cigarette between his lips and striking a match. 'Certainly,' he added with a tinge of sarcasm. 'Nothing would give He rose and led the way towards the me greater pleasure.' He rose and led the way towards the side of the stage. 'While you are talking to her, I may order something at your expense? I could do with some (Continued on page XII)



AND WITH TWO

The lower picture was taken in the wilds of St. John's Wood. The son, the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, is two years and eight months; his sister, the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller, is eighteen months old, but nis sister, the flon. INCOLE TATGE-DUILET, is eighteen months old, but already shows signs of dominating the peaceful atmosphere of the village in which she holds court. She is called Araminta. Lady Churston, who was married in 1933, is the former Miss Elizabeth Du Pre and the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. William Baring Du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, Bucks

when
you're bluffing
and
you aren't
naturally
a
bluffer...



have you ever noticed how
a cigarette
will help
to give you
that
feeling
of
assurance...



so essential
to your effort
to
present
a life-like imitation
of a man
who
has got a poker face?

AT HESTON: MISS "PADDY" NAISMITH AND SIR DERWENT HALL-CAINE

Miss "Paddy" Naismith is very much air- and motor-minded and a frequent entrant in rallies and suchlike. Sir Derwent Hall-Caine is a son of the famous author of those immortal books, the late Sir Thomas Hall-Caine

tricycle undercarriage, I should be disposed to feel horrified at the idea of landing anything weighing more than a couple of tons in the nose-down flying position. I have seen small machines, like the Schelde-Musch, landing on tricycle undercarriages, and, instead of the gentle, tangential brushing of the earth which the ordinary aeroplane does in a perfect landing,

the thing sits down like the comedian when the chair is pulled away from under him. It goes on to the ground with a nasty-looking crunch, and one sympathises with the under-carriage shock-absorbers. Yet here we have an enormous

transport aeroplane to be landed in this way.

Remember that the essence of the normal tail-down landing as we have practised it since the beginning of aviation consists in the gradual transference of the aeroplane's weight from the wings to the wheels. The machine approaches the ground tangentially and gradually flattens out, and then flies along more and more nose-up as speed is dissipated and the bigger angle of incidence is required to maintain enough lift. Finally, a gentle stall takes place, and wheels and tail-wheel touch together. Much of the speed has been killed by the big incidence of the wings, which are working during the latter part of the landing as an air-brake. The rest can readily be killed by the wheel-brakes.

" Smash-and-Grab" Landings.

Contrast this progressive putting down with what happens with the tricycle undercarriage, which holds the aeroplane in flying position when all three wheels are on the ground. The aeroplane approaches with flaps down in what amounts to flying position. It is sinking fairly rapidly, and the pilot lets it sink until the three wheels, one in front and one at each side, hit the ground together. The shock-absorbers then have to take the crunch and the wheel-brakes have to kill the speed. The wings are not used either for easing the impact or for killing the speed. The aeroplane is virtually thrown on to the ground. It is a crude method compared with the old one. But American pilots who have tried tricycle undercarriages say

AIR EDDIES : OLIVER STEWART

Tricycles.

F it were not that the Douglas company, whose reputation is as high as any, were constructing a big transport aeroplane with

they like them, and the Douglas company is satisfied that these undercarriages can perform the duty assigned to them.

It will be, I think, one of the most interesting aviation experiments, this complete change in landing methods. As I have suggested, the prospect does not look too

As I have suggested, the prospect does not look too encouraging; but I may be prejudiced. Perhaps the tricycle undercarriage will not only be easier to use, but also safer to use. But since I must have a final stab at it, I will remind its sponsors that birds do not have tricycle or even tripedal undercarriages. On the contrary, they use their wings for easing the landing shock and for braking.

Teaching the World.

To the innocent onlooker it seems curious that Great Britain should express horror at the bombing that is going on by Japanese aircraft, at the time I am writing these notes and should, at the same time, do all that it can to teach the Japanese how to bomb effectively. For it is the fact that this year an officer of the Japanese Naval Air Service has been attached to the Royal Air Force and has been given every facility for studying Royal Air Force methods and ideas. I know that, with the delightful impartiality for which this country is noted—when its



THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT, MR. LESLIE BURGIN, AND HIS WIFE

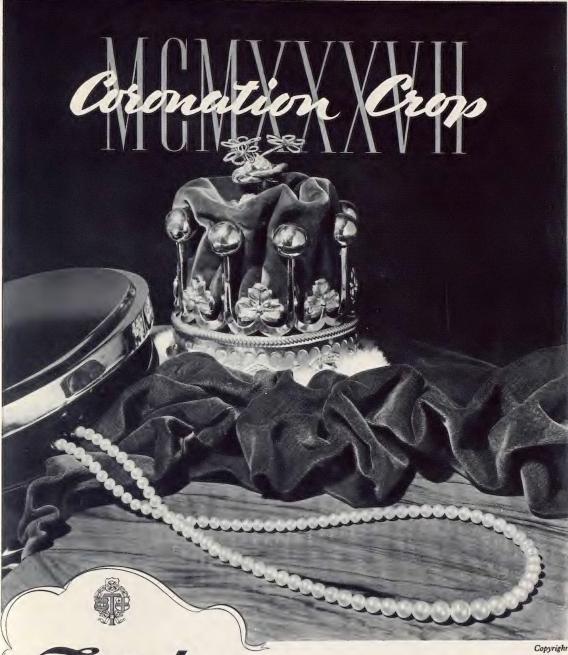
Mr. Burgin, Mr. Hore -Belisha's successor in the unenviable task of teaching the general public road sense; flew to Copenhagen to attend the opening of the new British - built bridge between Seeland and Falster. He is seen leaving Croydon with Mrs. Burgin

> commercial interests are not concerned - we have also done all we can to teach the Chinese how to use the air weapon to the best advantage, and that Chinese air service officers have likewise been attached to the Royal Air Force this year. It may be argued, then, that we have not favoured either side, but have, on the contrary, done our best to teach both sides how to blow each other to bits with a minimum of delay. And I suppose that, provided one is not ethically too touchy, our



AN AIRMAN'S WEDDING: FLIGHT-LIEUT. M. HARE AND HIS BRIDE

Flight-Lieut. Maurice Hare, the son of Major-General Sir Steuart and Lady Hare, was recently married to Miss Margherita Hambling. They are seen leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, en route for their car and the Savoy Hotel, where the wedding reception was held



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Tocla was able to command the pick of the 1937 crop, including some of the most wonderful specimens ever taken from the oyster. Because of their surpassing loveliness Pearls from early parcels were quickly sold, but the uniform excellence of recent arrivals makes the present choice as attractive as ever. Known as the "Coronation Crop" these expertly chosen Pearls will pay their fortunate possessors regular dividends of beauty out of all proportion to their comparatively modest cost. Throughout the years to come, Pearls from the "Coronation Crop" will, apart from their intrinsic worth and association with this historic year, be treasured for their incomparable loveliness and the perpetual beauty and charm that Pearls alone can bestow. Tecla has some remarkably fine Necklaces of matched and graduated Pearls for as little as 6 Guineas. An interesting Booklet will be sent free on request.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE PACIFIC PEARL TRADERS ASSOCIATION, LIMITED

THE TATLER [No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937



A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

from one Saturday to the next. Wales, too, if memory serves, have been in trouble over the same sort of thing, and it is quite likely that New Zealand will hear more of the matter. The game is one for amateurs only, though it appears to be increasingly difficult to get people to understand this. The sports promoter, sadly misnamed, receives no welcome on Rugby grounds.

Blackheath had a really shocking season last year, as their record shows. Figures are not everything, but when out of thirty-two matches played a club wins eleven, draws two, and loses nineteen, one

THE OLD HABERDASHERS XV. v. UNIVERSITY VANDALS

The Old Haberdashers scored a win over the University Vandals by 16—12 at Boreham Wood, Elstree. The Haberdashers are (standing): J. Brassington, A. S. Wilshire, W. S. M.Gurney, L. Goldfield, J. H. Thorpe, K. Blessley, R. T. Cockman (referee). (Seated) A. R. Burton, D. H. Gooch, S. Gaywood, C. B. Jamieson (captain), M. J. Jackman, H. J. Tierney, A. R. Grossman. (On ground) W. R. Tanner and N. R. Parker

DEAR TATLER-

E mentioned the other day that a British side is to tour South Africa next summer. This means that there will be much competition for places in the team, and no doubt the trip will prove both interesting and instructive. One thing is certain, that the British will meet with the most strenuous opposition, for the South Africans have just shown that they have regained their best form. To be quite candid, they did not increase their reputation when they were last over here, and I fancy that the same view was held in South Africa itself when the tour was over. At any rate, I can recollect a story

over. At any rate, I can recollect a story to the effect that so dissatisfied were the South African authorities with the standard of the game that they determined to cease foreign tours for some seasons in order to

improve play generally.

If this was the case, they seem to have succeeded, for the other day South Africa won the Test Match rubber with New Zealand, and inflicted on the All Blacks what must surely be the most decisive defeat they have ever sustained. When the New Zealanders were over here two years ago, signs were not wanting that All Black football was not what it was, and though they had a fairly successful tour, they were badly beaten by England, suffered a disappointing defeat in Wales, and could have obtained little satisfaction by beating Scotland and Ireland, since both the home teams were severely handicapped by injuries. Still, one hardly expected the South Africans to score five tries against the full strength of New Zealand, who could only reply with two penalty goals. Such a performance practically guarantees a hot reception for our representatives next summer.

The defeat must have been a bitter disappointment to New Zealand, where Rugby football is more of a religion than a pastime. It has been stated over here that so much importance was attached to this match that the New Zealand side had been collected and kept together for a week previously, undergoing the most rigorous training. If this should be true, one cannot help being glad that they were beaten, for such a course hardly savours of amateurism. Rugby football is a game, and not in the first essentials a spectacle. Scotland were entirely in the right when they objected just after the war to an English side remaining together in Scotland



THE UNIVERSITY VANDALS XV. v. OLD HABERDASHERS

The Vandals made a great rally at the close of a keen game, the last fifteen minutes yielding a penalty goal and two unconverted tries. The names in the group are (standing): W. H. B. Oakley, W. S. Caffney, B. P. Clode, K. Pepper, W. Duff, I. M. Loder, C. H. S. London, R. T. Cockman (referee). (Seated) D. J. Lyons, E. E. B. Algate, J. C. Carter, J. Scurr (captain), J. T. Lloyd, J. R. B. Jones, G. Grace. (On ground) J. Larsen and H. Meather

is compelled to sit up and take notice. This must be amongst one of the worst seasons that the Club has ever experienced, and no doubt great efforts will be made during the coming months to regain some of its lost prestige. Of course, it is true that the Club has to face much more serious opposition than was the case in the days of old. It is also true that perhaps the policy of bringing along younger members has not always been followed, with the result that there has not been that enthusiasm among the younger generation which is so desirable. J. A. Tallent has again been elected captain, and that is, at any rate, a step in the right direction. is no doubt about his enthusiasm or his skill, and he has several very valuable helpers. Like nearly all other clubs, Blackheath have found, and are finding, trouble in the matter of half-backs, but they have maintained a fairly high standard in the three-quarter line.

During recent years, however, the forwards, whilst keeping to a certain standard of ability, have not found life so easy as it used to be. This, I think, and have thought for some seasons, is because they have not quite lived up to the times. They are curiously inconsistent, for every now and then they will give a display worthy of the Club's best days, whereas the following week they appear to be practically devoid of dash and enthusiasm. There are too many young gentlemen on view who seem to dislike the genuine hard work in which every forward worthy of the name must participate, and who regard the scrummage as a rough and uncouth resort which is best avoided. Naturally, there are exceptions, such as N. J. Newton, a thorough all-round forward; and C. L. Newton-Thompson, a newcomer of promise from South Africa.

(Continued on page XXIV)

This England...



Naunton, in a fold of the Cotswolds-Glos.



THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles—and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Worthington," for these last are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle—and, in their humble way, just as historic.



A CONON HOUSE SHOOTING-PARTY

Conon is near Conon Bridge, Ross-shire, and this cheery party was recently mustered there to attend to the grouse birds. Left to right in the picture are: Lord John FitzRoy, who is more often called Samuel;

more often called Samuel; Mr. George Harrison, of Daviot House; Miss Peggy Harrison, Lord Gough, and Mr. Rupert Mortimer

Pullulation.

TOTOR-CAR programmes are pullulating. Hardly a day passes without sumptuous some luncheon, some gorgeous banquet or big dinner to celebrate the sprouting of yet another 1938 model. One eats not only to live, but also to know whether the new car has overhead valves and a synchromesh gear-box. The con-scientious motoring correspondent, like your present servant, pauses, as it were, between mouthfuls to memorise or jot down the new chassis features, and lives in imminent risk of mixing up hors d'œuvre and overhead camshafts, soles and semi-elliptics, entrées

and epicyclic gears. You will hear such an one absently asking the wine waiter for a bottle of 1918 Château Wakefield, and, when the *langouste à la crème* appears before him, he will inquire earnestly whether it has a detachable head.

From the programmes that have already been put before me, it is difficult to select an appropriate plat du jour. Let me begin, at any rate, with a name that has notably ministered to the humour and happiness of mankind—Ford. At the London Casino, that palace of prandial pulchritude, the new 8-h.p. Ford strutted a measure on the revolving stage, while the mob whacked its mitts, and even a platoon of motoriters mowed the air approvingly.

The Ford "Eight."

Sir Percival Perry announced the car, telling us that it succeeds the "Popular" Ford, of which 200,000 have been made. The new car is spacious, and its essence lies in the ability to take as many people and as much baggage

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

as possible at as economical a rate as possible. The tax is $\pounds 6$, and the standard saloon costs $\pounds 117$ ros. Then there is the "V-8" "Twenty-two," which is priced at $\pounds 240$, and which also carries a roomier body, with more leg-room and luggage-space. Here are some specification snapshots of the Ford "Eight": well-less floors; tubular frame front seats; pressed steel wheels; mechanical compensated braking; four-cylinder side-valve engine; three-speed synchromesh gear-box; and transverse springing, with double-action hydraulic shock-absorbers.

Let it be remembered that the bigger Ford "V-8" was a pioneer in power-weight ratio in the low-priced, standard car group. Before it came and created a sensation by its electric acceleration, power-weight ratio was thought to be the prerogative of the high-priced, hand-made cars, like the Alfa-Romeos, and was regarded as out of the reach of moderate-priced standard machines. Now all that is changed, and we have several medium- and even low-priced cars which have power, are

light in weight and give good performance.

Armstrong-Siddeley.

I am hoping, in the special Motor Exhibition Number of The Tatler, to give descriptions of many new models, so this week I content myself with picking out two or three models with features upon which I am anxious to comment. Among them are the new Armstrong-Siddeley cars. From this company's new models the flywheel has been altogether eliminated. The flywheel in a motor-car is a sort of medicine which has to be taken all the time to deal with a chronic disease in the internal-combustion engine. It is the little daily dose, without which the petrol engine would live in a state of feverish fits and starts. For the petrol engine turns its crankshaft in a series of discontinuous jerks as each cylinder fires; but, as it would be uncomfortable to proceed along the road in a series of jerks, a flywheel is applied and its inertia takes a little force out of each (Comtinued on page 46).



WITH THE BUCKS OTTERHOUNDS Lieut.-Col. E. G. W. W. Harrison and his wife forsook their own hounds for once and had a day with the otter dogs near Islip. Foxhunters usually much prefer fox-hunting



THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE TYNE-SIDE FACTORY GIRLS

A picture taken the day her Grace entertained 320 Tyneside factory and office girls at historic Alnwick, and she is seen talking to Miss Harrison, who thanked her on her own and the other girls' behalf. On the left of the picture are seen her Grace's two daughters, Lady Diana and Lady Elizabeth Percy



SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's Extra—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

Petrol Vapour-continued from p. 44

jerk, stores it and redelivers it afterwards during the interval. The fly-wheel, therefore, is a curative and not a preventive. It is dead weight so far as power production is concerned. It is an unwanted passenger. But in the ordinary way one has to carry it, however much one may grudge doing so, to keep at bay an inherent engine disability.

The Armstrong Siddeley engineers, however, reasoned that things go round in gear boxes and that they might be called upon to do some extra work. They recognised that with their self-changing gear box they had, in the running gear, a rotating mass which might be made to take over the duties of the fly-wheel. They consequently brought this mass up close to the engine and made it—together with centrifugal clutch and starter ring—part of the engine. The result is that these useful working elements in the gear box and clutch take over, and do the

work of, the dead-weight elements of a fly-wheel. That is what the Armstrong Siddeley people mean by their phrase, "balanced drive." There is less weight to carry, but there is as even running as can be obtained by a specialised fly-wheel. It is a sound advance and gives a new interest to these cars.

New Humber Models

Owing to an error in dates, for which I believe I was myself responsible, I was not present at the announcement of the two new Humber cars. But examination of the specifications reveals some matters of more than passing interest. The £330 six-cylinder Humber "Sixteer" is a car with an engine of 2,576.5 c.c. capacity, taxed at £12 15s. It has a full five-seater saloon body, and it is, I believe, the first six-cylinder car ever

marketed by the firm at such a low price. Then there is the new Snipe, which is possessed of good performance and which gives room for five people. The 20.9 h.p. engine has side valves, and the exhaust valve seatings are removable. The cylinder head is of aluminium alloy, and there is a damper-controlled balanced crank-shaft. As on all the 1938 Humbers, the gear box gives four forward speeds and has synchromesh engagement. Another component of all the 1938 Humbers is the "Evenkeel" independent front-wheel mounting.

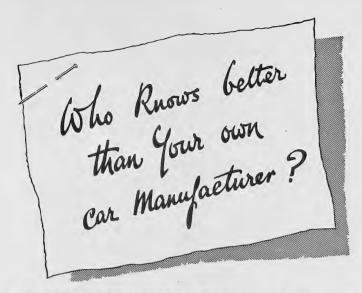
Bigger than the Snipe is the Snipe Imperial, whose engine exceeds four litres in capacity, against the Snipe's three litres and a bit. The Pullman has a wheelbase eight inches longer than the Snipe Imperial. Prices range from the £330 "Sixteen" already mentioned to the £1,095 Pullman Sedanca de Ville. The Pullman limousine is £735, the Snipe Imperial saloon £495, and the Snipe saloon £345.

A M.G. TWO-LITRE FOUR-DOOR SALOON

The setting in which this handsome car is placed is the Valle Crucis Abbey, Llangollen, a Cistercian Abbey founded about A.D. 1200 by Madoc Ap Grunffudd Maclor. Dissolution took place in the sixteenth century, and only the picturesque ruin seen above remains

ON and after Sunday, October 3, when Summer Time ends, the road patrols of the Automobile Association are on duty from 9 a.m. until lightingup time, while the hours of duty for A.A. night service patrols will be from lighting-up time to midnight. The twentyfour hour emergency service at the London headquarters of the Association (telephone Whitehall 1200) supplies members at any hour with information, advice and assistance urgently required. Sugar beet is now being harvested in many parts of the country, and the Automobile Association reminds motorists that beet inadvertently dropped on the road from lorries may constitute a danger to traffic after dark. The A.A. especially warns motor cyclists to keep a sharp look-out for beet on the





* REMARKABLE EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS

"It cannot be pointed out too clearly that good performance cannot be obtained from cheaper grades of petrol. The cars are tested on Ethylised fuel."

★ 100 m.p.h. super-sports car.

"Owners are recommended to use Ethylised petrols only. Extensive tests have been undertaken which show that these fuels are eminently suitable and have no detrimental effect."

★ A British car that has made motoring history.

"The best results will be obtained when running on an Ethyl petrol."

 \star A popular British car with a fine record.

As pioneers of Ethyl, we take pride in presenting these unexampled tributes from renowned car manufacturers



LARGEST SALE OF ANY ETHYL PETROL

Air Eddies

(Continued from p. 40)

actions can be justified on that account. Yet for most people there must be a lingering feeling of doubt; there must be a questioning as to the morality of this impartial broadcasting of our knowledge of aerial warfare.

It is clear that the tax-payer produces the money for the Royal Air Force with readiness, and even with enthusiasm, because he believes—rightly, in my own view-that the R.A.F. is his most important line of defence, the surest shield to ward off those who would destroy his home and his family. He has, so far as I know, never done anything to authorise the dissemination to foreign air forces of the knowledge and the Rhowledge and experience built up at his expense by the Royal Air Force. That knowledge and experience should be regarded as a national asset to be kept strictly in this country as a mean of protecting us from any possible enemy. If, as I also believe, our air force is a shade more efficient and a shade better trained than those of foreign countries, there is all the more reason to keep that extra bit of efficiency and superior training to ourselves and not to let other people learn the way we have attained it. Far less should we go out of our way to teach the officers of foreign air forces how we have attained it.

Insularity.

No reader of these notes can accuse me of insularity. But in this matter of defence it is obvious that we must to some extent be insular. We



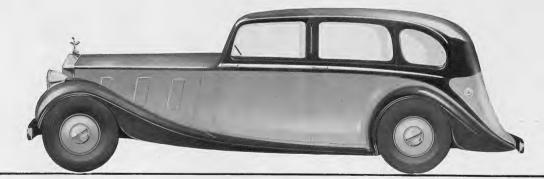
MR. AND MRS. F. G. MILES AND (CENTRE) LADY VICTOR PAGET

Photographed at Heston Airport last week. Mr. F. G. Miles, who married Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's eldest daughter, is exceedingly well known in the flying world as designer for Phillips and Powis, in which company Rolls-Royce have a big interest. His latest achievement is the very high speed Rolls-Royce Trainer, ordered by the Air Ministry. Both Mrs. Miles and Lord Anglesey's sister-in-law, Lady Victor Paget, go flying with enthusiasm

must not let our potential enemies know too much about our methods and our abilities to meet them. attachment of foreign air force officers to the R.A.F. seems to me inexcusable. If the officers were selected from a country or countries with which we could be reasonably certain we should be co-operating in the event of war, there might be something to be said for it. But the officers seem to be selected haphazard, or at any rate without thought of defence. The Air Ministry would be wise to stop the attachment to the R.A.F. of the officers of foreign air forces. It would be a step that would not only help to prove our good faith politically, but it would also be an aid to defence efficiency. Nobody suggests that the air forces whose officers have been attached this year are ever likely to be ranged against us; but if you spread information about R.A.F. methods in seven different countries it is likely to percolate through to seventy times seven different countries. And that, surely, is undesirable.

Hindes dog brushes are well known to everyone who has a dog and who wants to see him look his best, and every sensible owner, of course, uses them and the other canine toilet requisites for which the firm is famed in preference to using any old hair brushes or combs which may be considered good enough. Anyone desirous of further information has only to write for an excellent booklet published by Hindes, Ltd., Bromsgrove Street, Birmingham.

WINDOVERS, as coachbuilders, necessarily interpret contemporary design in its truest and purest form. But their craftsmanship, with its quality of dignity, is a heritage of the past when Charles Windover, in the reign of George III, began a tradition of skill and knowledge which has lasted to this day.



PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE 7-SEATER LIMOUSINE * WINDOVERS STAND 44

COACHWORK BY

Windovers

The Motor Show 1937. Windovers are exhibiting at Earl's Court, Stand 44. Other classic examples of their coachwork will also be on view both at the Rolls-Royce, and Daimler Stands.



FINDLATER'S SHERRIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Agents for Findlater's Sherries all over the World.

New York: Greig Lawrence and Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD., 90-92 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

FURS of authority" are assembled in Debenham assembled in Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) collection; they re-flect individuality, which is highly valued by the woman of to-day. The sable and mink coats demonstrate that the working of the skins is an art in which no unskilled worker may play a part, and as women insist on a slender silhouette the tailor also has his work to do. There are also coats of beige-dyed Russian ermine, as well as Persian lamb. The price of perfectly glorious silver fox wraps has descended; therefore it is used far more generously, and there is really no fur that is more flattering. Beaver and nutria, which a little while ago were under a cloud, are in the news; the former is lighter in weight and softly shaded. The coat portrayed on this page is altogether delightful and would make an appropriate gift for the bride. It is made of black and white Indian kidskins finished with a suède belt and clips; the latter is an innusual and attractive fastening. Furthermore, there is a subtle distinction about the markings. All who are interested in furs must write for Debenham and Freebody's catalogue, entitled "Furs of Authority"; naturally it will be sent gratis and post free



How shall I choose my Powder Base?



Exquisitely fine fair skins are usually dry, and that is why there is a special powder base for this particular problem. Milk of Roses is an emollient lotion, which actually helps to cure the skin of its dry condition.

It holds the powder lightly and naturally for hours and all the time it is doing your skin good. If you have a normal skin, you need the Cyclax Day Lotion. This powder base gives your skin a fine soft bloom, to which the powder will cling delicately giving a delicious sense of freshness. Choose just the right shade to tone with the natural colouring. If your skin is dry, or if you follow the modern school of 'natural' beauty, use Milk of Roses regularly, and keep your Day Lotion for the very sophisticated occasion.

Milk of Roses 4/6, 8/6. Day Lotion 4/6, 8/6

CYCLAX

THE TATLER, No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937

Shall we * dance?





situated on the fashion floor at Seltridge's, Oxford Street, is the new Model Shop, where originals and copies of the same may be seen, also adaptations which are endowed with a wondrous air of individuality. There are suits, coats and ensembles for day and evening wear, as well as the accessories which play a very important rôle in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman. There are cocktail suits carried out in lovely lamé, the coats being particularly original. The little dress which may be worn from lunch to dinner is shown

It is in the Model Shop that the evening dress pictured may be seen; the fabricating medium is oyster satin with pink and mauve lights. The embroidery at the hem labels it winter, 1937. The same idea is repeated on the corsage, while at the waist appears a spray of satin lilies thrust into the narrow belt with artistic negligence. Two ways of arranging the velvet scarf are shown, though naturally it may be draped to suit the wearer; there is a host of possibilities to explore in this respect

vi

PERMINENCE

Permanent waving—essentially a product of this generation—still depends for its perfect expression on traditional craftsmanship. Only the expert's knowledge of hair in its infinite variety of texture can ensure the perfect waves for you. Only the artist's flair can interpret the wave to suit your personality, creating from it a style for you alone.

At Truefitt & Hill's, expert and artist work in unison — as they have done for over a century. That is why a Truefitt & Hill wave is the supreme example of the coiffeur's art. If you feel that you have yet to discover the perfect permanent wave, remember that at Truefitt & Hill's you may have an expert consultation free at your convenience.

Appointments Bureau:

Telephone: REGENT 2961 (5 LINES)

TRUEFITTEHILL

23 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.I

Established 1819



EVERY woman needs a Rodex coat, no matter whether it be of tweed, camel-hair, cashmere or llamovel. They are entirely British, perfectly cut, admirably tailored and conform to Fashion's dictates. The quartette portrayed on this page demonstrate the fact that all monotony is banished from the designs; they are perfect companions throughout the year

THE COAT

What we suggest

THE Rodex coat at the top of the page on the left is made of pure camel-hair or cashmere. These materials are endowed with the soft suppleness that is essential for graceful lines, and at the same time there is an appearance of luxury so highly appreciated by intelligent women. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are light in weight and primarily destined for travel and the country



IT is an impossible task to describe the beautiful colours of the Gorslan Scotch tweeds which make many of the Rodex coats, for there is a subtle gaiety about them which must be seen to be appreciated. The check model in the centre of this page is of Gorslan tweed; hand-woven, Orkney, Shetland or Irish tweed makes the coat on the right, cut with a wide collar

QUESTION

for the country

IT is W. O. Peake, 21, Hanover Street, who make the Rodex coats, which are sold by fashion houses of prestige; on receipt of a postcard they would send the name and address of their nearest agent. By the way, the admirably tailored Rodex coat at the base of the page may be obtained in a variety of Scotch tweeds. It is very useful and will complete an outfit for many outdoor occasions



When choosing Woollies look for this Woven Label

Write for a Brochure of Stefney Models (post free) from I. & L. STEPHANY LTD. 2, BERNERS STREET, W.I

Stefney

WOOLLIES

FROM LEADING FASHION HOUSES

Doubly Desinable

Matita introduces fashions that are entirely new, the ensemble being well represented; these alliances are especially successful, the colour schemes subdued or wondrously gay. The cape has come back reinforced with a waistcoat with clever, nevertheless simple devices to keep it firmly on the shoulders, which are usually square. Matita suits are admirably tailored; in all cases the slender lines are achieved. The ensemble seen on this page is doubly desirable, as the blouse and skirt make an ideal housefrock; when a fur coat is added it is an excellent luncheon companion. Its own coat and simulated waistcoat convert it into a country or travel model. Now regarding the fabricating medium, the skirt has an angora surface while the blouse is made of a member of the jersey family. In it shades of apricot are present; the mock belt is very flattering, its fount of inspiration evidently being that of the Swiss peasants. The neat tie crosses at the back and is fastened in front. It is, indeed, difficult to describe how the coat and waistcoat are made; many colours are present, pastel blue being the basic tint. The effect of the stripes is as if chenille and French knots have been strewn over the surface with negligence that is really artistic



Classical Coat perfectly made from good quality Natural Mink.

PRICE 275 GNS.

International Fur Store

(JAYSLTD.) Regent Street W.I.

(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

"Behind the Scenes"

(Continued from p. 38)

"Certainly," I answered hurriedly. "Sit at my table; I'll join you later."
He grinned sardonically and, mounting the couple of steps which led on to the stage, pushed aside the curtain. So I went behind the scenes for the first and last time." Robe stubbed the remains of his cigar out on the ash tray before he went on.

"We went across the uneven boards," he continued, "and I remember there was a draught like the devil. At the back there was a tiny passage and in it a couple of doors. He knocked on the first one,

threw it open and pushed me inside."
"Etienne," he said in English, "an admirer to see you." With which he left me standing alone in the room. The girl was sitting on a kitchen chair, facing a cracked and dirty mirror; on the dressingtable were a few grease paints, some powder and other things needed for making-up. In the corner there was a battered couch, the stuffing of which protruded in places. Above her head an unshaded incandescent light burned fitfully. There was no other furniture in the room. but a row of pegs upon which hung what I took to be her outdoor clothes. She was still in her ballet dress, but now that I was close to it I saw that it wasn't white but a dirty grey, and the frills had been caught together in many places where they had been torn. The blue shoes, too, were torn through at the toes and the blue silk laces were faded.

"Mademoiselle," I said. She turned round and held out her hand.



AT THE "KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" PREMIÈRE: VIOLA TREE AND DAVID TREE

David Tree has a part in the Alexander Korda production, Knight Without Armour, the film of the Russian Revolution in which Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat play the leading parts. Viola Tree, a distinguished member of a very distinguished theatrical family, is Mrs. Alan Parsons in private life and David Tree is her son

"Monsieur?" she replied with a hint of interrogation. I bent over her hand and kissed it, aware all the time that her blue eyes were fixed unwaveringly upon my head. "I am afraid it is not very comfortable in here," she went on in very fair English. "But there is the sofa if you would like to sit down."

"I enjoyed your performance immensely," I said. "You noticed me?" A frown threaded its way across her young forehead, and she turned her head away to

look into the glass.
"I'm afraid not, monsieur. I never look at anyone in particular when I am dancing." She took up her powder puff and, holding it tightly in one hand, dabbed her nose very deliberately. A little dashed by her remark, I sat uncomfortably on the end of the sofa and wondered what would be the best method of approach.
"And what are you going to do now?"

I blurted out at length. She continued to

gaze into the mirror.

"I am going home with my brother," she said. "When I have changed," she added as an afterthought. I leaned for-

ward towards her.

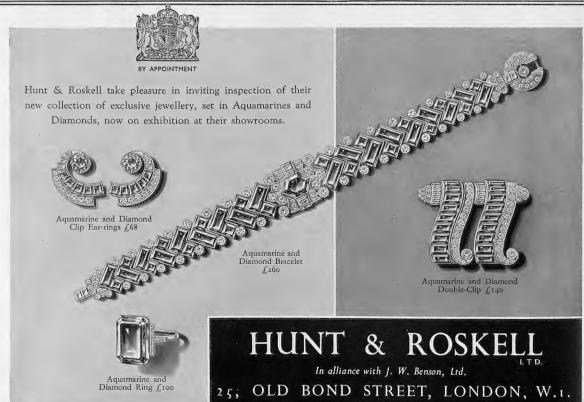
"I wonder whether you'd do me the honour of letting me see you home," I put in. "Perhaps you'd like a little supper on the way." She remained silent, looking into the mirror, and I rose from the sofa and, coming behind her, put my hands on her bare shoulders. In the glass her blue eyes stared up at me a moment, then she dropped them to the dressingtable and her hand fumbled among the

grease paints.

"It's very kind of you, monsieur," she "But I'm afraid it is im-

possible.

(Continued on b. xiv)





OCT. IST Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have

much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling

heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.

Schweppes BE SURE YOU SAY

PURVEYORS REFRESHING DRINKS OFNOBLE DURING EIGHT REIGNS

"Behind the Scenes"

(Continued from p. xii)

Immediately I became angry; I was only nineteen, and this was a definite blow

to my pride.

"I'm sorry I don't find favour in your eyes," I blurted out with all the impatience of youth and, taking my hands from her shoulders, walked over the tattered carpet to the ill-fitting door. Etienne swung slowly on her chair, and, while I waited, my hand on the knob, for her to recall me, I saw a tear slowly fall, leaving a black gutter in its track.

"No man does that." she said slowly. Her eyes looked steadily into mine for a moment, and then she turned away and back to the mirror. "Please send my brother to me," she added. "Tell him I am tired." I hesitated a moment and then shrugged my shoulders. After all, why should I run after a woman who obviously wasn't interested? There were plenty of others. There always are at nineteen. So I wished her a stiff goodnight and, closing the door behind me with a bang, made my way back on to the stage and from there through the curtains to my table where the violinist was attacking a piece of veal as if he hadn't eaten for a month.

"Your sister wants you," I said harshly as I flung myself into my chair and sent for the bill. "She savs she is tired," I added sarcastically. The violinist put down the last morsel of his veal, wiped his mouth on his velveteen sleeve and got to his feet.

"Thank you for my dinner, monsieur," he opened his mouth to say something at



LORD BRABOURNE LEAVES BOMBAY

His Excellency is seen bidding farewell to Major-General S. V. Pope, acting G.O.C. Southern Command (India), when he left Bombay on short leave before returning to take over the Governorship of Bengal. Lord Brabourne has been succeeded at Bombay by Sir Roger Lumley

length. "I must go and help Etienne with her make-up so that she can change."

"Help her with her make-up?" I repeated. "I should have thought she could have managed that for herself," I added.

"Could you if you were blind?" he answered, and as he left me he chuckled. He had meant to teach me a lesson. He had. I have never forgotten it, and I have never been behind the scenes again.

THE END.

Royal Interest in Women's Higher Education.—By her gracious promise to vlsit the Royal Holloway College (University of London) at Egham, on October 12, Her Majesty Queen Mary has once again shown the keen interest she takes in the higher education of women. H.R.H. Princess Alice is Chairman of Governors of this women's college and evinces a highly practical interest in the college and in the careers of its students.

The college, which was founded by Thomas Holloway fifty years ago in memory, as he put on record, of his dear wife, is remarkable structure modelled on the Château of Chambord, and situated at the

top of Egham Hill.

It should be a matter of satisfaction to the Royal lady who is Chairman of Governors that during the University year just closing a student of Royal Holloway College has gained the Sherbrooke Studentship and the Sir John William Lubbock Memorial Prize, open to all students of mathematics in the University of London. Miss Gladys E. Muddle and the college are to be congratulated on this achievement.

It may be possible to publish a fuller account of H.M. Queen Mary's visit on October 12 when further particulars are to hand



Feather Hats dyed to match Your Autumn Ensemble



Paris ordains the vogue of the Feather Hat and Marshall & Snelgrove's present four new models that may be made to your own head fitting and specially dyed to match or contrast with your Autumn clothes.

Feather Hats are just as becoming as fur ones although they are much lighter and less expensive.

Marshall's invite you to try on these new styles in their Salon for model Millinery on the first floor.

3

GUINEAS

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE (Database (18))
ONFORD STREET
W-1-

EXCLUSIVE TO MARSHALL & SNELGROVE



MRS. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Who was formerly Miss Heather Patricia Hannen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hannen, of Wargarey, Berks. Her wedding to Mr. E. O'Shaughnessy, son of the late E. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, of Co. Kerry, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, yesterday

married on October 11 at St. George's, Hanover Square; Mr. T. P. Butler, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Rosemary Davidson Houston will be married in the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on October 21; Captain P. T. W. Sykes and Miss L. Christie-Miller are marrying at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on October 12.

Recently Engaged.

Recently Engaged.
Captain G. S. Nangle, 9th Gurkha Rifles, son of
Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. E. Nangle,
Ballyeglish, Moneymore, Co. Derry, and Ann
Clementina, daughter of the late Brig.-General R. H.
Massie, R.A., and Mrs. Massie, Fleet Copse,
Finchampstead, Berls; Mr. W. du Cane Smithe,
The Royal Sussex Regiment, only son of the late

Some Weddings this Month.

Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart and Miss Jane von Bahr are being married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on October 14; on October 19 at Montreal, Lieut-Commander G. A. Rother-bern P. N. November 19 of Proceedings of Proceedings of the Processing Process of Proceedings of Processing ham, R.N., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Rotherham, of Godalming, will marry Geraldine

Deborah.

third

daughter

of Lieut. Colonel G. S. and the late

r s M

Mr. Nev-

Crump,

and Miss Sylvia Diana

Bradlev

will

Stairs, Montreal ;

MISS MYRTLE STEWART

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, of Coleshill, Bucks, who is engaged to Lieut.-Cdr. A. O. Watson, second son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Watson, of Ripon, Yorks. The wedding will take place at Brompton Oratory on the 16th of this month

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. Bevil Granville Smithe and of Mrs. Smithe, C.B.E., of Burnt Wood, Battle, Sussex, and Mar-jorie, younger daughter of Mr. C. A. R. Nitch, M.S., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Nitch, of Hill Harbour, Hellingly, Sussex; Mr. R. H. M. Hancock, R.N., younger son of Mrs. Hancock, The Dinnick, Looe, and the late Commander

Reginald L. Hancock, D. S. O., R.N., and Effie Rosemarv daughter of Ma Major ĬB. Campbell, D. S. O., O. B. E., and Mrs. Campbell, of Nadler, Saltash; C a p - tain J. O. Stuart,



MISS MARY WHISKARD

Recently engaged to Mr. W. Sommerville, elder son of Mr. W. Sommerville, of Bournemouth, and the late Mrs. Sommerville, Miss Whiskard is the only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, K.C.M.G. C.B., High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in the Commonwealth of Australia, and Lady Whiskard, of Canberra House, F.C.T., Australia, and Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

h The eKing's Regiment, second son of Major G. R. C. Stuart, C.B., D.L., of Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and the late Mrs. Stuart, and Helen, younger daughter of the late Colonel C. P. Lynden-Bell and Mrs. Lynden-Bell, of Basingstoke; Mr. M. Minshall, only son of Colonel Th. Minshall, D.S.O., and Isyllt, only child of the late Dr. R. Ll. J. Lewellyn and the late the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn; Mr. H. M. Moore, of Mattingley, Hants, second son of the late Sir Edward Cecil Moore, Bt., and Netta Trety Norton, daughter of the late Malcolm Stuart Sinclair and of Mrs. B. Sinclair; Lieutenant C. S. clair and of Mrs. B. Sinclair; Lieutenant C. S. Green, R.N., and Pamela Margaret, eldest daugher of Captain E. G. P. Hewett, R.N., and Mrs. Hewett.



ineoln Benne

BURLINGTON. GARDENS OLD BOND STREET LONDON, W.I

One of the latest Paris designs adapted for wear with town or country suits-it features the new very deep back. A delightful and most becoming felt hat.

Model D.2174. Price 25/9

AGENTS EVERYWHERE The name of the nearest will be sent to you on request.





STYLISH PUNCH AND STYLISH JUDY

The property of Miss K. Lewis

Scotland is a country in itself, and that its inhabitant cannot perpetually leave their businesses to journey up to London to shows. Scotch fanciers are a sporting lot who think nothing of travelling down

one night and back the next, but still, with a business, this cannot be done often, and the majority of Scotch fanciers are not well off, so we welcome Perth's elevation to The show championship status. The show is admirably run by the Misses

un dogs are becoming increas-Gun dogs are becoming ingly popular and are by no means always relegated to kennels and keepers. Shows have helped to this and people have found that gun dogs as companions and friends are as intelligent and affectionate as other dogs, and that being treated as friends does not interfere with their working capabilities. Miss Lewis has a successful kennel of English Setters and



BRIAN BORU OF SOLAM The property of Lady Edith Windham

sends the following interesting letter: "Champion Stylish Punch of Fermanar and his sister, Stylish Judy of Fermanar, have won eight challenge certificates between them, all under different judges. Punch got his working certificate at the Devon and Cornwall trials last year. I have several young dogs and bitches, winners,

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A very successful show was held at Perth. There was a good muster of Cairns and gun dogs, and, judging by the crowd, the gate very satisfactory. It is good news that Perth is to have certificates next Scotland is not

year. well treated in the matter of championship shows. It is amusing to see how the average Londoner does not realise that

The Bull Terrier has become very popular lately. He is a strong, hand-some dog. A well-trained Bull Terrier makes a splendid companion some dog. A well-trained Bull Terrier makes a spiendid companion a guard. He seems specially suited to hot climates, where he does well. and a guard. Mrs. Ayris has a well-known and successful kennel of Bull Terriers containing many winners. She says: "I am sending a photograph of Christopher 'with his first pet, a very promising young pup, sire Champion Guardson of Wickselme. Bull Terriers make marvellous nursery maids. There are a few youngsters here for sale.

for sale at reasonable prices. Also a litter by Punch, ex one of the finest Setters in the country, will be for sale shortly. Once having owned one of

this beautiful breed you will never be without one. They make exceptional companions, are very obedient and easy to manage."

The Yorkshire Terrier is the smallest dog of the Terrier tribe and is a delightful little dog, with true Terrier characteristics. People are apt to be put off Yorkshires owing to the enormous length of coat which the show dogs have.

A Yorkshire kept in the house does not develop that extreme length of coat, but is an ordinary long-haired little dog, full of life and particularly

intelligent. No dog makes a better companion than a York Lady shire Terrier. Edith Windham has a large kennel of Yorkshires: no one has done more for the breed. She has bred many prize-winners. Besides this, her dogs are all members of the family and are only sold away to good homes.

There is a selection of puppies and young stock for sale at present which can be seen at any time.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, South ampton.



CHRISTOPHER AND NURSEMAID

The property of Mrs. Avris







48-HOUR EXPRESS SERVICE IF CASH WITH ORDER.

We Pay Return Postage.

in new Autumn
Shades. Send p.c.
for Free Booklet
and Fashion
Colour Guide.





For the

An Autumn two-piece for town or country wear, in a fine check feathered wool-" sevaz. The perfectly fitting frock has a plain high neckline and soft folds on the shoulder. Designed and made to order in our own workrooms, in new Autumn shades.

Complete 22 gns

Coat, 121 gns. Dress, 91 gns. (Catalogue sent on request.)

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, W.1. (Debenhams Ltd.)



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Pictures in the Fire-continued from p. 31

catching them, and am certain that hanging is far too good for them: all that I am trying to emphasise is their ineptitude.

Dr. Thompson's quite absorbing book, mainly about the cases where the poisoner has got away with it, is almost a contradiction of my theory that arsenic and strychnine are amateurish. It would be quite wrong to give any poisoner any advice, but it is the fact where arsenic is concerned that one big dose may defeat its own ends. I know of two rather vivid cases where this happened. The murderer was a bit too anxious to do his job, and the consequence was that the victim's system ejected most of the dose and only left enough of it to make him extremely ill, but not enough of it to kill him. I am not very interested in the motives for murder by poison which Dr. Thompson has collected, for they are common to all forms of murder. I do not think for a moment that the poisoner is ever a homicidal maniac. His work is deliberate and premeditated.

Snake venom is used with a fair amount of confidence in cases of hæmophilia, because of its capacity to cause thrombosis, or, as we stupid laymen might more comfortably comprehend it, a traffic jam in the passages of the blood. Luckily, the average poisoner knows very little indeed about this agent for the happy or unhappy despatch—for death from snake bite is far from painless. If the poisoner did know he might be much safer, because the venom does not react as readily to chemical analysis, and so few doctors would suspect cobra or viperine venom. Colubrine venom (i.e., cobra, mamba, etc.) contains some stuff which the doctors call hæmo-



FAY COMPTON EN ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA

A snapshot at the bathing-pool on board the Orient liner, *Oronsay*, in which this famous actress is ploughing her way towards the Southern Cross and the pleasures of a summer tour in Australia. Fay Compton is, naturally, combining business with pleasure

lysin, which is a cardiac stimulant and also a neurotoxin. Viperine venom has this plus coagulin, and cytolisin, which causes what the profession calls dissolution of the endothelian lining of the capillaries and vesicles of the body, but what we silly asses who have only seen deaths from snake bite, call death from paralysis and apparent

inability to breathe-very painful to witness and, I am sure, to encounter. It is fairly rapid. The saving grace where snake poison operations are concerned, is that this venom must be injected into the blood stream. Happily, there are not many experts in the use of snake poison, principally, I expect, because it is not so easy to handle a cobra and get him to bite the right person, but they do exist, even though Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Speckled Band was so grossly improbable. There was a snakebite murder only last year in Bengal. There was also another case a many years ago in which murder was suspected, but felt to be difficult to prove. The actors in the drama were the customary triangle. The cicisbeo collected snakes, mainly cobras; the husband was terribly fond of drink and the woman hated the sight, and the smell, of him. So they made him very tight one night, and then the other man dumped him in a room where he kept some of his pets in baskets, put him conveniently on the floor near one of them and took the lid off. He and the lady then went out for a drive in the moonlight and trusted to luck. The chap was bitten all right and probably died without coming to. The police knew quite well that it was deliberate murder, but the chain of evidence did not look quite strong enough. The snake fancier's suggestion was that the victim must have rolled off his chair and upset the snake basket. There was nothing to prove that this was not so. Plenty of motive, of course, but that is not always a strong enough rope to hang a man.

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Anyone who may ask what Leslie Henson does in this gay new show can be answered quite shortly: "He makes you laugh!" And as that is the principal business of a comedian, a good time will be had by all who go to see this amusing bit of nonsense, mainly about a band of Greek bandits who have held ar Italian opera singer to ransom for so many years (without any applicants) that he has become quite the pet of the party and would not be ransomed even if he could. It is all most excellent fun and one of the shows to see



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A Rugby Letter

The new rules appear to be causing a certain amount of trouble at the Richmond Athletic Ground, and Emil de Lissa will have to take the matter in hand. In our last issue we referred to a spectator who allowed his enthusiasm for the old laws to overcome his self-restraint, and on the following Saturday the referee succeeded in fogging a good many of the crowd, and probably the players also, again on the question of the conditions under which a penalty kick should be taken. Having awarded the kick and made the mark, he then strode three yards and a bit and made a second mark which, presumably, indicated the limit beyond which the offending side might not approach. These mysterious rites baffled all those people who had understood that the offending side should retire ten yards, not ten feet. I have often noticed a tendency on the part of referees to cut down legitimate distances, but this is quite the most glaring example we have seen. Obviously there is some need for this meeting of referees which, we hear, is to be held shortly for the laudable purpose of

clearing up all doubtful points.

To some old hands the Rugby season does not really get started until the Universities take the field. Cambridge, as usual, are the first to appear, in their time-honoured fixture with the

Old Leysians, on Saturday next. Though they have naturally lost some of their stalwarts of last year, there remain most of their back division and a number of extremely useful forwards. It will be recol-





lected that R. M. Inglis and W. B. Young played for Scotland last season, whilst R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, who did not get his Blue, appeared for Scotland against Ireland. There should be a vacancy at full-back, but otherwise there ought not to be many alterations unless some of the old Blues unaccountably lose their form.

Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 8)

get a thrill out of seeing their colours first past the post, or even reading about it. If this spirit is not encouraged owners begin to complain that a yearling is dear at 6,000 guineas that can only win a £100 maiden handicap as a four-year-old, Had it cost only a "pony" they would have been pleased, so why let the sordid question of money ruin everything? Always let your owners have a little on everything they run. It sometimes may be a little embarrassing to explain why an animal is not fancied, and, anyway, it's human nature to prefer to lose your stuff than not to be on one when it does win.

When, as happens sooner or later even in the best-regulated families, an unpleasantness arises and the owner decides to make a change of trainers, get first run and tell all your friends the age-old formula.

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Some recent snapshots at the famous northern links on a day when the wind did not blow so kindly and sharp exercise was imperative. General Sir Arthur Wauchope, High Commissioner and C.-in-C. in Palestine, is home on leave from his very anxious charge. Mrs. Steele, who is with him, is the widow of the late General Julian Steele. The three young people in the centre are all well-known North Berwick regulars, and Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, seen with the son of the Member for Wiltshire, is Sir Clive Morrison-Bell's elder daughter

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MATTHEWS IN THE NEW FILM, "GANGWAY" **IESSIE**



Jessie Matthews figures in the lead of this Gaumont-British film, which had its première at the Gaumont last Sunday. She appears as a she-newspaperman who is endeavouring to collar a film-star's diary for her paper. To this end she becomes maid to the star, but gets "the air" for taking an unauthorised evening off with a dashing Scotland Yard inspector in the person of Barry Mackay. She manages to get mistaken for a jewel thief, and since Barry Mackay's particular mission in life is the search for jewel thieves things get somewhat complicated. The picture was directed by Jessie Matthews' husband, Sonnie Hale



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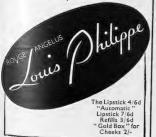
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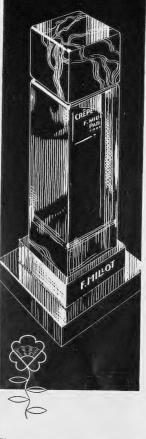
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LORD SHERBORNE, MRS. ANDERSON, AND MISS HERMIONE ANDERSON

In spite of the coveys being pretty poor this year as a general thing, Lord Sherborne and his guests at his recent shoot at Camp Farm managed to enjoy themselves and produce a respectable casualty list. Lord Sherborne, incidentally, is a very good shot. Mrs. Anderson, who is in the same group as the host, is the daughter-in-law of Sir Alan Garrett Anderson, and Miss Hermione Anderson is his daughter. Lieut.-Commander Tufnell is the Member for Cambridge, and Sir Herbert Ingram is the elder brother of Captain Bruce Ingram, who is the Editor of The Illustrated London News and The Sketch

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

From the Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. 'fro is required to help a gentlewoman of 57 who is devoting herself to the care of her mother, aged 87. They have known better days, but during these post-war years their income has been reduced to just over £2 weekly. After doctors' bills, etc., have been paid there is no margin for a maid's salary, and the daughter is obliged to do all the work of their old-fashioned country cottage. Latterly she has developed heart disease and the doctor insists that she must have help with the work. We are anxious to collect sufficient to pay for a village woman to come in for a few hours daily, and we plead for

5s. weekly.

From October 20 to 26 a Coronation Embroidery Exhibition is being held at 46, Eaton Square (by the courtesy of Lt.-Commander Tufnell, M.P., and Mrs. Tufnell), in aid of the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association. H.M. Queen Mary has graciously promised a piece of embroidery and H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is exhibiting a bedspread. A very large num-ber of entries has been received, and this Exhibition should prove not only agreeable to the eye, but also extremely interesting at a time when the varied arts of stitchery have a more widespread appeal than, perhaps, ever before. Theatrical engagements permitting the Exhibition will be opened by that expert needleman, Ernest Thesiger. The price of admission on the first day (2.30 to 6.30) is 5s., and subsequently 2s. and is., with special reductions for parties of more than four. The cause concerned, the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association, is particularly worthy of support. The Bishop of Southwark is President and Dame Lilian Baylis Vice-President.



; ARLETTY AS THE QUEEN IN "THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN OF ETHIOPIA

The Pearls of the Crown, the Sacha Guitry film to appear at the Curzon on October 13, spreads widely over the map as well as over the centuries. Arletty has the part of an Ethiopian queen in a décor that would have delighted W. S. Gilbert of the Bab Ballads

The new Jessie Matthews musical, Gangway, opened at the Gaumont The new Jessie Matthews musical, Canguay, opened at the Gaumont last Sunday. In this production Jessie is supported by Barry Mackay, Nat Pendleton and Noel Madison, who came from the United States to play in the film, Patrick Ludlow, Alastari Sim and Olive Blakeney. Jessie takes the part of a newspaper reporter who, to obtain the life story of a temperamental film star, masquerades as her maid. In this capacity she becomes acquainted with Barry Mackay, a young detective-inspector on the track of "Sparkle," an international jewel thief. Jessie Matthews loses her job as a maid as a result of accepting an invitation from the young inspector to dise, and the early her reputation as a reporter she embarks on spector to dine, and to save her reputation as a reporter she embarks on a publicity stunt involving the theft of the star's pearl necklace. Unfortunately, the necklace she actually takes belongs to a friend

of the detective, and so to avoid arrest Jessie hides in the film star's trunk, which is sent on board a liner bound for America. On board she is discovered by Barry Mackay, who is torn between love and duty, when circumstances make it appear that Jessie is the notorious "Sparkle." A gangster, Noel "Sparkle." A gangster, Noel Madison, also believes her to be a jewel thief and forces her to aid him steal a valuable diamond belonging to an American heiress. Nat Pendleton is another of the gangsters involved. Jessie has to dance at a night club attended by the heiress, covered by the guns of the gang. At the crucial moment, however, she exposes the gangsters' intentions by the cunning use of the spotlight. A pitched battle ensues, which ends in the round-up of the gang and the unmasking of the real thief. Sonnie Hale directed.

We are asked by Finnigans, of Bond St., to apologise to our readers on their behalf, and to point out that the cardigan suit featured in their advertisement last week was erroneously priced at three guineas. Its price, obviously, should have read eight guineas



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THE modern gift is practical as well as knick-knacks are over. Anything connected with entertaining is always welcome, and the "Merry-go-round" dish above is an unfailing source of delight, since it can be used for hors d'œuvres as well as cocktail savouries. It consists of a revolving tray, which is very useful by itself, five glass containers and a covered butter dish, all for 12s. 6d. Rivoli's have it together with the Penguin cocktail shaker on the left, which is silverplated and costs three guineas. An illustrated booklet entitled "The Evenings are Drawing In" is brimful of ideas, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request. It contains one particularly good novelty in the shape of a key case

and diminutive electric torch for is. 6d.

CHRISTMAS at this stage seems a long way off, but in a few weeks' time there will be notices on every side urging people to buy early. Rivoli, in Gooch's, Brompton Road, are always ready with practical suggestions, and many of their gifts are delightfully inexpensive. Sherry sets, for instance, in coloured glass engraved with a spiral design only cost 5s. 6d. for the decanter and six glasses, while a silver-plated lemon squeezer in the shape of a bird is only 4s. Another idea for sherry is the pottery barrel illustrated above with six glasses for 37s. 6d. It is practical and very original





SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

PRICES FROM ONE GUINEA.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

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if I envy more
your trip or
your lovely
new Braemar
things'

The lady on the right is wearing a Braemar twin set in finest Shetland Wool. The jumper has long sleeves and a round neck. The cardigan which buttons up to the throat is finished with a corded silk ribbon facing. The jumper costs 24/6 and the cardigan 34/6. Her friend is wearing a Braemar sports sweater in Pure Botany Wool with neat Eton collar and tie in contrasting shade. This costs 21/-. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Autumn Booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

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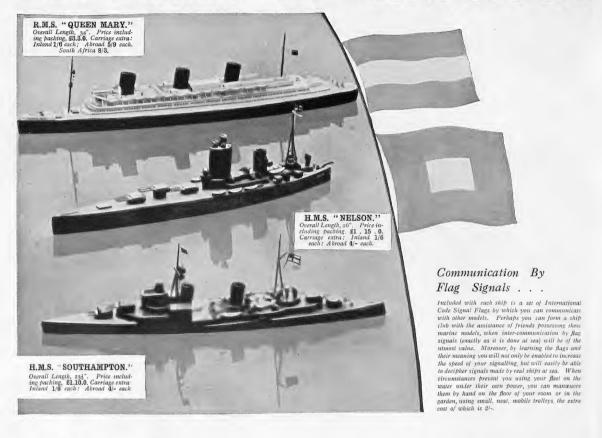
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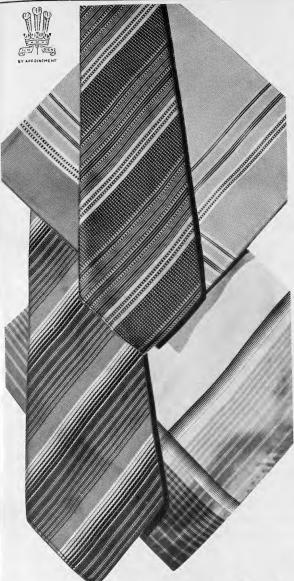
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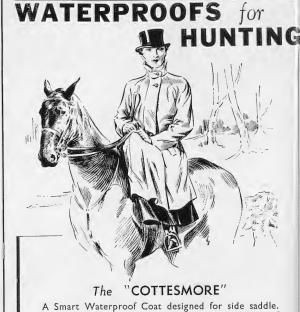
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THE TATLER No. 1893, OCTOBER 6, 1937]



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You'd know whether they were, literally, letting you down, spoiling your poise and making your walking ugly in the eyes of those who follow. That's the sneaky part of "ankle-wobble"-you so seldom know you have it. Now, with STYL-EEZ Shoes, ankles just can't 'go over.' The thrilling Flare-Fit feature - exclusive cradles your foot very gently but very firmly, and holds it always in the line of grace. Five fittings to every size and half size-and by 'fitting' we don't just mean a variation in widths. STYL-EEZ Shoes 'mould' themselves to your foot as if by instinct. Styles? Youthfully alive, with all the gay sparkle and freshness of Broadway but backed by the gracious workmanship that only British craftsmen can give. STYL-EEZ for you this Autumn. They put swing into your step and a grand new rhythm into your walking.

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